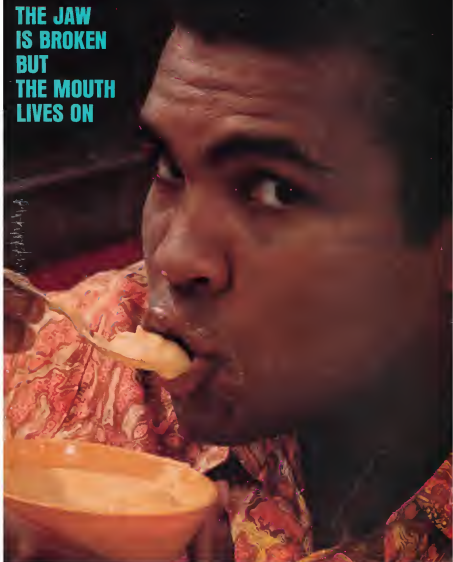


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 23, 1973 50 CENTS

THE JAW
IS BROKEN
BUT
THE MOUTH
LIVES ON



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Extended compressor life thanks to the big, curved coil that takes the internal heat and pressure off. Compartment soaks up compressor sound to let your neighbors sleep.



Armstrong answers 5 tire questions that can save you time and money.

1. In plain language, what is the difference between radial and bias ply tires?



Radial Tires In radials the body cords run at right angles to the centerline of the tire. This creates a flexible side wall. To provide stability and strength 2 or more belts are added directly beneath the tread area.



Bias Ply Tires The bias ply tire features body cords which criss cross at an angle between 30 and 40 degrees from the tire's centerline. This provides rigidity and strength in both the sidewall and the tread. This tire has been the standard of the industry for many years.



Belted Bias The belted bias ply tire has a bias sidewall construction but adds two or more belts under the tread in the same manner as radials.

2. Are radials better than other tires?

It all depends on the type of driving you do. Radial construction produces a tire which has a minimum of squirm, runs cooler and provides long wear. Radials are also considered by experts, to be more "responsive", particularly at high turnpike speeds. They are more expensive than bias ply tires.

"Belted" bias plys have many of the characteristics of radials—squirm less, run cooler and on the average give more mileage than bias ply tires. In addition, they have the sidewall strength advantages of bias ply construction. They cost less than radials.

Bias ply tires, the most widely used, are the least expensive type and, carefully selected, provide excellent service.

In addition, each type of tire has different "ride" characteristics which you may find important. Your independent Armstrong dealer is an expert in helping you determine the best tire for your particular needs.

3. How do I know when I need new tires?

There are a number of factors to consider.

For example:

If the tread depth of any adjacent tread grooves are less than 1/16 of an inch, the tire should be replaced. How do

you tell? All tires have built-in wear indicators which tell you when the minimum level has been reached. You can also purchase a depth gauge for this purpose.

A relatively simple check may be made with a Lincoln penny insert, head first, in groove. If hair is exposed, the tread depth is less than 1/16".

Any tire which has been damaged, has tread or sidewall cracks which expose body cords, or any tire which shows bumps, bulges, knots or separations should be replaced, or at least inspected by an expert. Your Armstrong dealer will be happy to check the condition of your tires free.



4. How do I decide what type of tire is best for my car?

There are so many factors to be considered—type of driving, make of car, age of car, normal load for car, climatic conditions, etc.—that there is no simple rule of thumb. Unless you consider yourself very well informed about tires, your Armstrong tire dealer is the man to advise you. Discuss the above factors with him. He'll be happy to help you select the right tire at the right price.

5. How do I decide what is a fair price?

Tire prices do vary—by type, by make and even by dealer. Further, the price you pay may not be the best or even the cheapest based on cost-per-mile or overall value. Again, your best bet is to consult your Armstrong dealer, explain your needs and let him help you select the best tire for you. We believe that your Armstrong dealer is not only an expert, but is seldom undersold on price and almost never on "value."

ARMSTRONG TIRES

For free complete 1973 Consumer Tire Guide published by the Tire Industry Safety Council, mail this coupon to John Brexton, Armstrong Rubber Co., 300 Sargent Drive, New Haven, Conn. 06507

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5-1

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INSURANCE COMPANIES
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Next week

THE BEAT GENERATION seems to include all other Derby colts as Secretariat wins and wins. Whitney Tower believes only his rider or the horse himself can lose the big one.

ONLY VICTORS in regular golf tour events can compete in the \$200,000 Tournament of Champions in La Costa, Calif. Barry McDermott sees who wins among the winners.

SOUTHERN-FRIED jokster Jerry Clower is jawing his way through the banquet circuit with the thigh-slappingest stories ever heard in Dixie. Roy Blount Jr. records the fun.

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The brand-new '73 Olds Vista-Cruiser. If you don't see the 9th window right away...



GM

look in the roof.

It's the new Vista Vent window. Even when it's closed tight against the elements, it lets in light like a sunroof (and the glass is tinted to reduce glare). Open it up and Uncle Henry's cigar smoke vanishes in a hurry. Whoosh!

And, for '73, the Vista-Cruiser has been redesigned. From a new hydraulic front bumper system and a Swing-away grille... all the way back to a new easy-lift tailgate that swings up and out of your way. And it can be released right from the driver's seat. It moves, you don't.

Inside, just flip down Vista-Cruiser's rear seat for more than 85 cubic feet of usable load space.



That's not bad for a mid-sized wagon with a 116" wheelbase.

It's available as a two- or three-seat model. Either way, you get deep-pile carpeting, all-vinyl or cloth interior, exterior paneling, and deep-foam seats. All standard. All nice.

In addition, the Vista-Cruiser is powered by a Rocket 350 V8, stops on power brakes with discs up front. And rides on a new suspension system patterned after the famous G-Ride in our larger Oldsmobiles. So it handles the long haul. And a good load—in style.

The '73 Olds Vista-Cruiser. Let the sun shine in. Oldsmobile. Always a step ahead.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

FOR SHAME

There is the state dog, the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the state bird, the Baltimore oriole, the state fish, the rockfish or striped bass, the state flower, the black-eyed Susan. Now Maryland, by vote of the House of Delegates, has chosen the Baltimore checkerspot brushfooted butterfly, *Euphydryas phaeton*, as "the official arthropodic emblem of the state." The insect was nominated by State Senator Edward Hall, who said, "It's difficult to propose this with a completely straight face."

Senator Hall and the House of Delegates should now have completely red faces. The term "arthropodic" refers to a phylum of animals having segmented appendages and external skeletons shed during periods of growth. Insects are only one of a number of classes in Phylum Arthropoda, which also takes in the Crustaceans, notably the blue crab, *Callinectes sapidus*. Is any arthropod more symbolic of Maryland than the blue crab? The delight of kids and the pleasure of gourmets, the blue crab supports a vast recreational and commercial fishery in Chesapeake Bay. Marylanders eat soft-shell crabs by the ton, they relish crab salad, they serve up crab cakes to drooling tourists. As much as Kentucky is the bluegrass state, Maryland is the blue crab state. Citizens, arise! Summon up the shades of H.L. Mencklen to fight for the right arthropod in Annapolis.

EAST AND WEST

For a basketball power that rarely draws players from outside the neighborhood, Providence College has pulled off a stunner by reaching into Southern California for Terry Tate, a very fluid, very smooth 6'6" senior at Daniel Murphy High School in Los Angeles. Eyed covetously by such schools as Southern Cal, Long Beach State, Santa Clara, North Carolina, Memphis State and Notre Dame, among others, Tate got interested in Providence because the same order, the

Dominican, runs his high school. Last fall Tate went East for a visit, liked the "closeness" of the players so much that when Providence went to play UCLA in January, Tate met the team at the airport. After UCLA won, says Providence P.R. man Mike Tringhese, "I think Terry felt worse than we did."

But the West will fight back and then some. Or at least Bill Toomey, decathlon gold medalist at Mexico City, will as the new track coach of the University of California at Irvine. Thinking global, Toomey says, "I'm going to recruit foreign athletes. I have contacts all over the world and it would help our program to have world-class athletes on the team." Several weeks ago Toomey was in New Zealand and spoke to a 19-year-old half-miler who does 1:48. Toomey was also at Richmond for the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet where he gave his pitch to Nikolai Avilov, who broke his decathlon record at Munich. Adds Toomey, "I have a good friend who broadcasts track for the Bavarian TV station. I asked him to give me a plug on German TV, and he did. Hopefully I'll be getting letters soon."

HOCKEY INFIGHTING

There will be no merger between the National Hockey League and the World Hockey Association right now. WHA owners believe they will win their \$64 million antitrust suit against the NHL and its reserve clause. Also, WHA owners don't want to indemnify NHL owners in the event of merger. The NHL would want WHA teams to pay at least \$6 million each, the price Buffalo, Vancouver, Atlanta and the New York Islanders all paid for admission. Moreover, some NHL owners fear that if a merger ever comes, a new major hockey league might start and cause a war all over again.

Within the NHL itself, owners are scheduled to meet secretly in New York this week on internal problems. Several owners, notably William Wirtz in Chi-

cago and Bruce Norris in Detroit, are incensed that Bill Jennings of the Rangers started merger talks with WHA owners on his own and said nothing to them until they were over. Moreover, Wirtz and Norris are angry that Jennings ignored them while newcomers from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were invited. Says one NHL owner: "Damn Rangers. They got \$5 million indemnity from the Islanders and now they want another \$6 million for a merger. The hell with them."

INSTANT TRACK

Professional track uses pacing lights for the mile to excite fan interest, and now Ted Haydon, track coach at the University of Chicago, has developed a system to speed the usually spectatorless



all-comers' meets he conducts on Sunday afternoons in the spring. He runs all the events at one time.

Well, not quite all the events. But most of the running events do occur simultaneously. Haydon lines the quarter-milers up on the track at the start of the turn, the half-milers about 50 yards back, the milers farther to the rear, with the three-milers at the head of the straightaway. Then he fires one gun and the runners start en masse. The fastest half-miler usually can't catch the slowest finishing quarter-miler and so on through the milers and three-milers. The runners finish one lap, three laps, or 11 laps later at the point where they start.

continued

ed. The result is sort of an instant track meet.

Haydon got the idea several years ago on a cold, windy, rainy day when all the runners wanted their event to be first. "I ran them all together," Haydon recalls. "The runners didn't mind—in fact, they rather thought it was fun—and the officials got to go home earlier."

Still Haydon hasn't completely perfected the system yet. He is actually trying to figure out how to put a field of hurdlers and sprinters on the track at the same time.

WORK ETHIC

If anyone doubts that television dominates college football scheduling, witness ABC's announcement that the Nebraska-Oklahoma game, traditionally played on Thanksgiving or the following Saturday, has been rescheduled this November for the Friday in between at Norman.

The day after Thanksgiving, the network reasons, is fast becoming an unofficial national holiday, and a lot of viewers will be available. That may be true on Madison Avenue, but back on Main Street folks still pay homage to the work ethic, as the Omaha *World-Herald* discovered in a survey. A spokesman for the Union Pacific, whose headquarters employs 7,000 in Omaha and nearby Council Bluffs, says, "We are drafting a statement. It will say no TVs in the office. Our people will be on the job." At Mutual of Omaha, an official said all 3,500 employees will work. At Northwestern Bell, with a work force of 4,500, it will be "business as usual." The same applies for the state of Nebraska's 22,000 employees, although Governor J. James Exon could come under pressure to declare a holiday for bureaucrats should the Cornhuskers go into the game undefeated.

No matter what, some firms, wherever they work, are sure to try to smuggle sets on the job, and one of the few happy men in Omaha is Jim Skomal. He rents TVs. "I have 125 available," he says, beaming. "First come, first served."

ROBERTS' RULES

If anyone doubts that Clifford Roberts, chairman of the Masters, dominates CBS-TV, he should have been on the grounds and behind the cameras at the most recent Augusta gala, especially

when the rains came plunging down on Saturday. Who'd want to see a flooded golf course, Roberts' minions told CBS-TV. At Augusta, what Roberts decides, CBS does, and the network had no choice but to pass up the flood shots of raging Rae's Creek (SI, April 16) and instead showed viewers half an hour of aimless interviews, held high and dry indoors.

Such an incident is par for the Augusta course of events. Roberts once banished Announcer Jack Whitaker from the CBS telecast team for referring to a huge gallery gathered around the final hole of a final day as "a mob." Whitaker only got back on the team when Henry Longhurst suffered a heart attack and Whitaker, by chance, happened to be in town. Director Frank Chirbanian once drew Roberts' ire by clouting with an empty fairway shot, empty except for the litter left by the crowd. Bad image, Roberts said. Asked about humorous incidents that have occurred over the years at the Masters, Chirbanian says, "There is nothing humorous at the Masters. Here small dogs do not bark and babies do not cry."

TEXAS STYLE

Texarkana straddles the Texas-Arkansas state line, and the football rivalry between the local high schools on either side of the line is fierce, although usually one-sided in the direction of Texas. In 1964, under Coach Robert E. (Swede) Lee, the Arkansas high school beat Texas for the first time in 23 years. After Lee left to become an assistant at Texas A&M the hard times returned. Now Arkansas has hired Lee back from A&M, which cheered everybody until the school board said his salary would be \$20,000. His predecessor made \$12,200, and the proposed salary is higher than that of any other member of the faculty, including the school superintendent.

"I think it's too high," said Bill Warner, a school board member who cast the lone dissenting vote in the 7-to-1 decision to hire Lee. "I don't object to the man but to the salary. I think it is excessive. It will cost too much to bring our other people into line with it. The teachers are unhappy and I think there are a lot of concerned citizens in the town, too."

The 7-to-1 vote indicates there aren't too many. As they say in Texas, there are only three sports: football, spring

football and recruiting. Arkansas seems to have the same fever.

HAZARDS

Recent guerrilla activity has prompted the adoption of two new rules at the golf club in Centenary, Rhodesia. The first rule "allows a stroke to be played again if interrupted by gunfire or sudden explosion," while the second enjoins players to check the holes for land mines before putting.

LEGAL LEO

A new National League rule disturbs Manager Leo O'Rourke of Houston, and he has a valid point. The Lip's devious mind began working after his star centerfielder, Cesar Cedeño, was knocked down by a pitch. The new rule stipulates that after the first attempt by a pitcher to hit a batter, the pitcher is warned by the umpire, and the warning carries an automatic \$50 fine. But if the opposing team's pitcher retaliates, that team's manager is automatically out of the game and the pitcher is warned. If it happens again on either side, the pitcher is thrown out of the game. O'Rourke says, "The guy who does it first has the other guy over the barrel. Theoretically, you could have your pitcher knock down the other team's first batter every day, and their pitcher couldn't retaliate without having his manager banished. It would cost you maybe \$8,000 in fines for your pitchers over a 162-game season, but you'd have the other club in trouble."

THEY SAID IT

- John McKenzie, Philadelphia Blazers player-coach, on his team needs for next year: "Eighteen Bobby Orrs, seven Phil Esposito's and four Bobby Clarke's."
- Larry Howard, Houston catcher, on the problems of his job: "You've got pitchers who add, subtract, multiply and divide. I caught a pitcher named Steve Bailey who used to change signs in the middle of his windup. He'd be at the top of his windup, hands over his head, when he'd start shaking his head 'No.' Somehow it all worked out."
- Ben Hogan, impressed by the putting of today's young golfers: "We always considered it quite a feat to get down over six- to eight-footers, but now if a fellow misses from 40 feet he grimaces and agonizes like a cowboy struck in the heart by an Indian's arrow." **END**

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Mac said he didn't mind working 24 hours a day every day including Sundays and holidays but that he needed help.

That's why Mac Again is now working at Mac's side in the main lobby of the LaSalle Bank Building, 135 South LaSalle Street. (Mac Again is Mac's first cousin. His real name is Melvin, but he hates it.)

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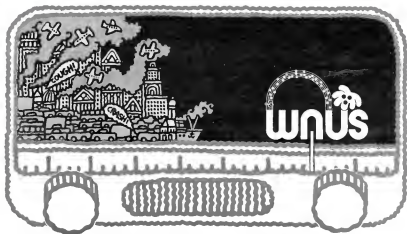
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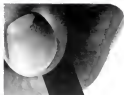
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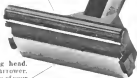
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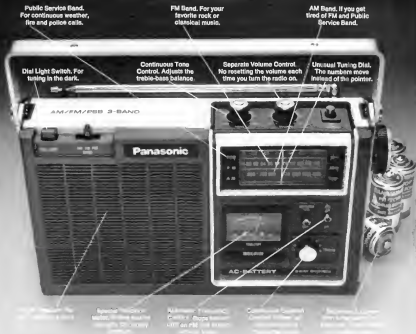


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PLAYING THE PAYROLL GAME

In terms of sheer entertainment, it was one of the busiest weeks the little Montana lumbering town of Missoula had known since 1863, when a band of visiting vigilantes strung up four road agents. First there was Country Singer Buck Owens, who strummed into town with his red, white and blue guitar for a hee-hawin' one-night stand. Next came New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller to deliver a ponderous lecture on international relations. Then there was Heavyweight Ron Lyle, making his first fistic appearance since Jerry Quarry cooled him two months ago. All good, clean fun. But the most interesting piece of drama in Missoula last week was the gnarled and nasty little morality play that unfolded in Federal Court. It might have been titled *The Football Coach's Fiscal Nightmare, or: He Who Gets Slipped*.

Foremost among the dramatis personae was H. Jack Swarthout, athletic director and head football coach at the University of Montana. Swarthout and his key assistant, William D. Botcher, were on trial under a Federal Grand Jury indictment that charged them with criminal and conspiratorial misuse of government scholarship funds—a figure the prosecution toted up at \$227,000. According to the counts, Swarthout and associates “did agree, combine, confederate, and conspire to hamper, hinder, frustrate, defeat, impair, and impede by craft, trickery, deceit and dishonest and unlawful means, including the falsification of material facts, the lawful and legitimate functions, operations, and pur-

Montana coaches wanted winners. The Federal assistance program sought to aid needy students. And that's how the Grizzly grew strong

by ROBERT F. JONES

poses of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in . . . its student financial aid program.” In short, Swarthout had been accused of playing a game many successful football coaches might like to play: using government money to build strong teams.

The case was fraught with ominous implications, not just for Swarthout and his Montana Grizzlies, or for the eight-member Big Sky Conference to which the school belongs, but for semi-small-time athletics throughout the nation. Unlike such giants as UCLA or Ohio State or Texas—which can earn enough money through gate receipts and television contracts to construct their engines of athletic endeavor and keep them running interminably—most colleges must rely on contributions from booster clubs, alumni donations and Federal scholarship funds to recruit and educate their athletes. One of the principal supports of such mini-teams is the so-called “College Work-Study Program,” funded by HEW. Under it, a needy student can work up to 15 hours a week at such disparate tasks as tutoring laggards in Classical Greek or simply unpacking shoulder pads, in either case earning up to \$189 a month to defray the high cost of

learning. Traditionally, in the age-old conflict between athlete and egghead, it has been argued that serious students really work for their scholarship money, while jocks get paid for playing—or, worse, get paid for nonexistent jobs. It was precisely this latter accusation that lay at the heart of last week's trial.

The Federal attorneys sought to prove that Swarthout and some of his staff had recruited athletes with promises of “full ride” scholarships, then had shifted them to the work-study program, and finally had illegally banked the checks earned by the jocks—at meaningless or nonexistent jobs—as repayment for money advanced to the athletes for tuition, room and board. Reduced to non-courtroom language, here is how the system worked during the period in question. The athletic department “loaned” the recruit enough money to cover tuition, room and board. Next, he was enrolled in the work-study program and assigned a job. It may have been something as simple as hauling tackling dummies from the equipment room to the practice field, or something a bit more complex, like helping the college recruit high school hotshots.

The student might work as many as the 15 hours a week, 60 or so a month—or he might work a lot less. At the end of the pay period, a time card was submitted to the university business of-

continued

Accused of misusing funds, Coach Swarthout (top) and aide Botcher were taken to court.





Montana Controller Hannon reports the system loses his job.



School President Panzer wonders if a football program is worth it.

fice. The recruit received a check, and then endorsed it over to the athletic department—which in turn deducted that amount from the jock's original "loan." The money was then deposited in the athletic department's account. Despite fluctuations in work time, Swarthout made it a practice to average out the total monthly amounts on his payroll, usually to the upper limit of 63 hours. This system, Swarthout said, "banked" the student's unused time against hours he would presumably work on future jobs.

Jobs aside, what really hurt, as far as Grizzly boosters were concerned, was the fact that Jack Swarthout had been their first winning coach in almost 20 years. Swarthout, an assistant to Dan-rell Royal at both Washington and Texas in years past, came to Montana in 1967 and promptly produced a 7-3 record. In 1969 and 1970 the Grizzlies had perfect seasons of 10-0, only to lose in the Camellia Bowl at Sacramento to hated North Dakota State. Still, that was good enough for Montana fans, who were tired of seeing their Grizzly serve as the perennial bearskin doormat.

By contrast, the school's 8,000 students were largely apathetic to college football, and at times downright antagonistic. The UM campus, on the edge of downtown Missoula (pop. 50,000), is a sprawling mélange of red brick and towering pine trees, surrounded by some of the most magnificent and climbable mountains in North America. Montana students are doers, not watchers. Even during the best of Swarthout's seasons,

the school's 12,500-seat stadium was seldom filled to capacity. Last year the student government voted a sharp decrease in tuition fees diverted to sports.

The Federal charges were set off by a benchwarming football player named Bob Doornek, from Wolf Point, Mont., who wandered into the university business offices on Dec. 1, 1971, puzzled at why he should have received a \$103.98 work-study check when he'd only put in three hours the previous month, parking cars. UM Controller William J. Hannon reported the matter to University President Robert Panzer, who himself had already initiated an internal audit of athletic department finances. Hannon interpreted the system of "banking" hours as a violation of Federal work-study rules, and when the policy continued he grew fearful of a government audit. On Jan. 15, 1972 Hannon blew the whistle. A team of HEW auditors was on campus, and Hannon went to them with details of the athletic department's work-study setup.

"There was a certain amount of self-preservation involved," Hannon admits, "but basically I felt it just wasn't right. Don't get me wrong, though, I think athletics are great at any level. Fine discipline. But we have to find a better, a more realistic way of funding college sports than using Federal bucks."

Whatever Hannon's thoughts on the subject, he may very well not be airing them at Montana after June 30; he has been informed that his services are no longer needed, and although he intends

to fight the ouster he is clearly *persona non grata* to the administration, though a minor hero to some students. "There's an old saying up here," he notes bitterly. "Montana is a state of high mountains and low politics."

Hannon's tip-off brought a clutch of FBI agents to the campus, interviewing tongue-tied athletes and indignant coaches, and on July 19, 1972 the grand jury indictment appeared. The trial itself did not commence until March 19 of this year—after eight months of agony for the accused and ecstasy for their detractors. With the aid of donations from Grizzly boosters, Swarthout hired Montana's top defense attorney, Charles F. (Timer) Moses, of Billings. Moses, 48, is a tall, white-haired former Montana basketball star whose renown in murder cases hovers over the Mountain West like the ubiquitous golden eagle.

During the four weeks of testimony—which alternated between torpor and high dudgdon, leavened only by the dry wit of U.S. District Judge Ray McNichols—Timer Moses got the indictment counts reduced from 32 to 18, which left the basic conspiracy charge and 17 counts of questionable work-study pay periods. If convicted on every one of the original counts, his clients conceivably could have spent the next 160 football seasons in the slammer. Swarthout, 53, a serious and somewhat unimaginative man with the traditional coach's flattop haircut and a massive capacity for self-righteousness, could not quite believe it was happening.

"When the FBI agents first showed up I thought it was all a big mistake," he said. "Athletics have so much value, not only to the university and the community but to the U.S. itself. Football particularly. It hones the competitive instincts, it promotes discipline and co-operation. And here were these guys—G-men—treating me like I was some criminal. Still, I wanted to be honest with them; I've always been honest. Sure, we may have made some mistakes in our work-study accounting, but there was no intent to defraud Uncle Sam. I called my boys together, my players, and told them to be perfectly open with the FBI agents, to tell them everything the way it happened. A couple of them, maybe, were vindictive, but they're just boys, and I want to help them."

The unkindest cut of all, in Swarthout's opinion, came from a former Grizzly quarterback, Jay William Baumberger, who claimed he had been paid for virtually no work at all. Baumberger, a passing quarterback, found himself frustrated with Swarthout's Wishbone offense. After the 1971 season, Swarthout had helped Baumberger to get a transfer to North Dakota State, and when Baumberger showed up at the trial as a key prosecution witness, Swarthout felt hurt but still mustered a sincere semblance of understanding. "You gotta help the kid," he said during one lunch break last week. "He felt he should play more. He said some things during the trial that weren't true but, heck, I might have done the same thing at his age and in his position."

"You're too kind," said co-defendant Betcher, a husky swinger who is not afraid to contradict his boss. "Baumberger is a selfish, inconsiderate kid. I recruited him myself, and he's basically my mistake. But what he said about us—you shouldn't be that gentle on him."

There was little doubt in the minds of observers that Jack Swarthout was suffering during all of this—suffering the sweats of the man who has always felt he was doing what his peers considered to be the right thing, but who suddenly awakens to find himself accused of being out of step.

It is said around Missoula that by Old West tradition, a Montana jury assumes the defendant to be innocent, period—unless he is an Indian. After near a month of palaver, the jury retired to deliberate and emerged last

Saturday afternoon with a hearty "not guilty." Swarthout and Betcher brightened with relief. "Golly," said Swarthout. "I'm glad that's over. Now I can start thinking about spring practice." But in the wake of the verdict other coaches across the land would doubtless be thinking about more than just Z's and O's. Indeed, Swarthout's method of athletic finance may ultimately become even more famous than his mentor Royal's Wishbone T—unless, of course, the Federal Government decides that it does not wish to continue as an unconscious contributor to football success and rewrites the work-study program accordingly.

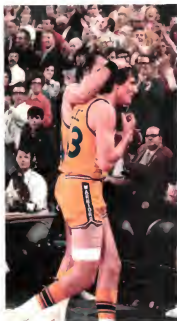
Even before the outcome was decided, however, UM President Pantzer voiced

strong doubts about the basic issue: Can small-time football survive in a climate increasingly dominated by escalating costs and student apathy? "Perhaps the sport of two-platoon football ought to be ended in schools of this size," he said. "The kids who don't feel like mountain climbing can always watch the NCAA Game of the Week instead. Football is far too costly for us. Our conference is dreary, little known, small, not very exciting. If we could play all of our schedule within the conference and fix the costs of recruiting and scholarships at a reasonable level, we could continue. Alternatively, the state legislature must fund us or else we get out. Football is really the most frustrating problem of all on the campus." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELEN KLEINER



Under the hillside M, the students are known as doers, not watchers of athletic teams.



Rick Barry congratulates Lee after final game.

Clyde Lee stood alone on the floor of the Oakland Coliseum Arena without his career-long anonymity to hide him, without a single teammate alongside to help absorb the deafening ovation of 13,175 standing, clapping, screeching, whistling fans. The din grew louder and louder, sending wave upon wave of warm tribute toward the lone Golden State Warrior, head bowed in embarrassment, rocking ever so slightly from one foot to the other. Lee is a 29-year-old individual of immense proportions—6' 10", 240 pounds—yet his skin is pre-teen flawless, his features gentle, almost girlish. During the accolade, Lee's tender face was a study in confusion. His timid smile said yes, yes; his nervous eyes no, no. Then, suddenly, the doubt seemed to disappear as his teammates, coach and trainer arose one or two at a time from the bench until all the Warriors were on their feet and cheering, too, several of them applauding wildly with their hands meeting high above their heads.

It was an outpouring rarely seen dur-

IN THIS SHOOT-'EM-UP CLYDE WAS BONNY

The Golden State Warriors upset the Milwaukee Bucks in the NBA playoffs as Clyde Lee played some beautiful basketball by PETER CARRY

ing pregame ceremonies. Lee had not announced his retirement; he had not climbed out of a hospital bed, shot full of Xylocaine. He had indeed done well in the opening five games of Golden State's first-round playoff series against the Milwaukee Bucks, but the Warriors had not won anything—yet. In a way, the ovation was both a recognition of Lee's performance and a show of affection for this soft-spoken man who almost always has been a spear carrier among the Warriors. Even more than that, it represented a reawakening of basketball by the Bay. On the part of the fans it indicated a revival of interest in a team they had ignored ever since Rick Barry left for the ABA six years ago. On the part of the Warriors, it was acknowledgment that a team of great promise and severe disappointment this season had finally come together and that Lee's appearance in the starting lineup had a lot to do with it. And applause for Lee was especially appropriate because the NBA's Western Conference semifinals belonged to players unknown and little known, teams unfavored and little considered.

Barely had the fans in Oakland settled down from their pregame outburst than they were up and yelling again as the Warriors took charge. In the end, Lee had a game-high 19 rebounds and Guard Jim Barnett had a team-high 26 points, as Golden State won the game (100-86) and the series (4-2), an upset of considerable proportions. Meanwhile, some uncowed Bulls named Jerry Sloan, Norm Van Lier and Dennis Awtry pushed and shoved Jerry West, Gail Goodrich, Wilt Chamberlain and the rest of the star-studded defending champion Lakers into a decisive seventh game at Los Angeles. There Chicago ran into an old playoff jinx—it has now lost 18 straight road games in postseason competition—dropping the big one (95-92) and the series.

The Warriors, whose triumph over the Bucks indicates they are indeed the title contenders they were supposed to be, opened the series with little going for them. After racing to a 28-12 start in the regular season, Golden State lost 23 of its final 42 games. In all, the Warriors lost more games this season than they did in 1971-72, when Barry was in the ABA.

From midseason on it seemed certain that the Warriors, the Western playoff team with the poorest record, would meet the Lakers, who had established themselves as the conference's best team, in the opening round. And that looked distinctly to Golden State's advantage since it had split its season series with Los Angeles but lost five of six games to the Bucks, two of them by 27 and 33 points. In the closing weeks of the season, Mil-



Milwaukee won 14 consecutive games and equaled the Lakers' won-lost record. The NBA, seeing dollar signs with each additional dribble, decided a tie-breaking game would be just the thing to settle the issue of who would play whom. It was a risky idea except that the decision was made without consulting the Players' Association, whose membership signs up for 82 games a year before the playoffs. The league then decided that the issue would be settled by a coin toss, a method that neatly avoided several statistical comparisons which might have determined the top team by criteria bearing some relationship, however faint, to the Bucks' and Lakers' abilities to play basketball. Milwaukee won the flip. The suggestion was made that the NBA could save a lot of money and wear and tear on everybody next season if it eliminated games altogether and scheduled each team for 82 games.

So, to their dismay, the Warriors found themselves facing the Bucks, who won the first game 110-90, with Oscar Robertson scoring 22 points and passing for 12 assists. As Coach Larry Costello had maintained ever since Robertson became a reluctant scorer following the Bucks' 1971 championship, all Milwaukee needed to return to the top was for Oscar to work for more shots and shoot

them. It was a tactic Robertson could not, or would not, follow until the closing weeks of the season, when he averaged more than 20 points. Oscar claimed a series of nagging minor injuries had cut down his scoring during the previous months. Some think there was another reason for his spurt besides renewed health. They named the late-season moves to the basket by Robertson "salary driven"—his three-year contract expired with his team's playoff hopes.

When the Warriors won the second game 95-92 a pattern was established: the Bucks would win the 20-point games—their other victory came by a 113-93 score—and Golden State would take the rest. The Warriors did it by holding Milwaukee under 100 points four times with tight defense, especially by Nate Thurmond on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. In no game did Abdul-Jabbar, who long ago rated Thurmond as the league's best defensive center, score more than 27 points—his regular-season average was 30—and he shot just 43%, 12 percentage points below his average.

"You can't block that hook shot of his," Thurmond said, "but I've found when I shoot my own hook that if the man guarding me works hard at keeping his hands up and leaning up toward my shooting arm, my shot is affected even though I know mine can't be blocked, either. What it does is make you shorten the arc of your arm and that makes the arc of the ball lower. That's what I try to make Kareem do." The strategy worked. Abdul-Jabbar hit enough of his favorite shots to average 23 points a game, but many of the hooks which are sure baskets against other defenders did not go in.

On offense, the Warriors had balanced scoring. Six players averaged between 11 and 16.5 points and in each win a different player was high man. In the second game Cazzie Russell, who lost his starting job to Lee, came off the bench after an injury to Barry and got 25 points. In the 102-97 home-court win that evened the series 2-2, Barry got 38, Lee, with 21 points, and Barnett were the high scorers in the two final victories.

That kind of offense proved that the Warriors had solved one problem which had bothered them all season. With Bar-

ry's return, some of his teammates apparently thought he would carry the scoring and decided to concentrate on other facets of the game. But Barry figured that for the first time he was playing on a team so talented he need not dominate the offense. As a result, Golden State's game was often sluggish and disjointed. "We weren't a very complementary team," said Guard Jeff Mullins. "Except for Nate, we were all trying to do things we weren't really that good at. We're a great shooting team and some nights we'd just win that way, but if our shots were off we were in trouble. And the thing that hurt us the most was that we couldn't rebound. That's why I think every guy on this team would agree with me in saying that Clyde has been the difference for us in this series."

It was a difference Coach Al Attles spotted long ago. But Attles couldn't start Lee regularly until the playoffs for he was injured much of the second half of the season. Over the year, he played only 22 minutes a game, averaging six points and nine rebounds. In the playoffs he was on the floor more than any other Warrior, pulled in more rebounds (17 a game) than anyone on either team and, in the fifth game, the 100-97 win that turned the series Golden State's way, it was Lee who led the Warriors.

Lee describes himself as a player "who has no moves, who can't jump and who doesn't have any kind of shot from more than a few feet away from the basket." What Lee *can* do is box out a freight train, tap in rebounds with the fingertip touch of a safecracker and do both of those things aggressively and tirelessly for 48 minutes. He is, in short, a consummate rebounder. He performed that job admirably in all four Golden State wins, but in the fifth game he added a couple of extra dimensions to bring the fans to their feet. He hit eight of 13 shots, two of them tough, short jumpers on which he was fouled, converting the free throws for three-point plays. More important was his defense on Abdul-Jabbar in the second half, when Milwaukee was rallying and Thurmond sat out 13 minutes after drawing his fifth foul with 7:58 to play in the third quarter. Lee guarded Kareem for all but 19 seconds of that time, holding him to one basket. It was that performance that made the folks back in Oakland, and the Warriors, stand up and put on a show of their own for Clyde Lee.

END

Having made Oscar Robertson commit himself, Barry deftly ticks the ball to Jeff Mullins.



NOW COMES THE BIG BLUE MACHINE

Kansas City bursts into the season with a grand new stadium, an inspired new manager and the meanest bats in the West by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Winning three short series in April does not automatically a contender make in the major leagues, particularly when the team that does so is the Kansas City Royals and has just achieved the grand old age of five. Nevertheless, this week the Royals were atop the standings in the American League's once innocuous West Division and they were hitting, running and gambling as if they harbored notions of making themselves known to baseball fans everywhere as Murderers' Row West. Kansas City was turning up runs in clumps—an average of seven a game—and its team batting

average of .281 was exceeded in the league only by marauding Boston.

Not only did the Royals play well, they also opened a splendid new \$35 million baseball-only park that should become the most talked-about stadium in the nation. It was 39° when the first game played in Royals Stadium began last Tuesday night, 9° colder than it was in Juneau, Alaska, but the largest crowd ever to see a game in Kansas City (39,464) came out and looked in amazement at the biggest scoreboard in sports. That structure alone cost \$2 million. Among other things, it can put a picture of a ballplayer up in lights 12 stories high. It also gives out-of-town scores on an inning-by-inning basis, flashes information about what is happening in other games or other sports and provides up-to-the-minute batting averages.

More important, Royals Stadium is the first American League park to be fully carpeted with an artificial playing surface. (Six National League stadiums have artificial fields, but in the American only the infield at White Sox Park is so covered.) And the Royals intend to take advantage of what they have. "It could mean 15 games to them in the standings," says Texas Ranger Manager Whitey Herzog. "A team will come into Royals Stadium and take a couple of days to get adjusted to playing on the stuff. By then it will be time to move on. The way the schedule is set up, we opened the park but don't come back until the end of June. I hope we don't forget what we learned."

If the Rangers may be used as a legitimate example of what might happen to visiting teams, Kansas City certainly has a built-in edge. The Rangers had all kinds of problems during their first two games on the Tartan field. Balls jumped up and slammed against their bodies, rolled swiftly between outfielders and caromed off the high outfield fences for extra bases. Only the pitcher's mound, batter's box and sliding areas around the bases are made of dirt.

Fortunately for KC, three Royals infielders are former National Leaguers who have had experience on artificial surfaces: Shortstop Fred Patek, Second Baseman Cookie Rojas and First Baseman John Mayberry. Patek, while the smallest player in the big leagues at 5' 4", has a very strong arm. For a shortstop to function on such an infield he has to have a strong arm. Most of the time he is playing the hitters so deep he looks as if he is usurping half of the leftfielder's territory. Rojas is one of the game's smartest players and an excellent hit-and-run man. "This park should certainly help us," Cookie says. "We hit down on the ball and don't strike out too much." And while the 6' 3", 220-pound Mayberry is better known as a hitter, he led the league in five of seven defensive categories last season.

In a euphoric mood over getting the stadium built at last after many delays, Owner Ewing Kauffman has promised the fans "five pennants in the next 10 years." Kauffman bought the Royals as a civic gesture. In contrast to Charles O. Finley, who took his Kansas City Athletics to Oakland, Kauffman is a popular man in town. At the opening ceremonies he received round after round



Chief window-breakers for the Royals are Amos Otis (Fabriz) and John Mayberry.



of applause, and when he trotted onto the field with his wife Muriel they were dressed in royal blue from head to toe. Nearly everything about the Royals is done in blue, including the road uniforms, the shoes and even the mitt of First Baseman Mayberry.

Recently turned 23, Mayberry is the blossoming young long-ball hitter in the league. Says Dick Allen of the White Sox: "He moves the Royals up 10 lengths by himself. He is strong, real strong. I don't give KC much of a chance without John Mayberry in the lineup. I really wish I had more time to study him as a hitter. But because I play first base and he hits left-handed there isn't a lot of time to look at him unless I want to have my head taken off by one of his line drives. By the time he's through he will break a lot of records. He hits down on a ball as well as anybody I've seen."

As the week ended, Mayberry was leading the majors with 14 runs batted in and Manager Jack McKeon was leading his cheering section. "Mayberry," he said, "is the perfect man to have on a ball team because he has an excellent sense of humor and doesn't get down on himself or let the other players get down. He loves to play baseball." Rookie Manager McKeon has gotten little publicity outside Kansas City, but he will. He got to the major leagues by way of South Amboy, N.J., Holy Cross, Seton Hall and Elon colleges and 15 years of managing in the minor leagues, where his teams finished in the first division 11 times but still occasionally turned McKeon's thoughts to other lines of work.

"I am a firm believer in TTP," says McKeon. "Total team performance. All the individual numbers in the world don't mean a thing unless the team plays well. I like to make things happen. I don't believe in a lot of that stereotype, traditional stuff in baseball. People say you shouldn't steal a base when you are ahead by something like 6-1. Nonsense. If you can steal it, steal it. We are going to run into a lot of outs on the bases, but we'll pick up more than we'll lose because once you start running things happen. In our first six games this year I had our hitters swinging on 3-0 counts five times. What did we get? Two homers, two doubles and a line-drive out.

"I ask the players to play for the team. You'd be amazed how hard it can be to



Inaugural night at the stadium: a crowned scoreboard and a record KC baseball crowd

convince some people that it has to be done. I figured out once in the minors that a man had to give himself up as an out to advance a base runner into scoring position on the average of only 2½ times a month. That comes down to 13 times a season. If everything went wrong and the batter was out every time, his average would drop only five points over the season. But a lot of times a ball hit to the right side to move a runner from second to third will go through for a hit and a run batted in. If you win, your salary will go up a lot higher than it will if you don't, and nobody will ever remember that you dropped five points on your personal average."

One player brimming with TTP is Amos Otis, an exciting centerfielder who has speed, power and a fine batting eye. Otis is hitting the ball consistently to the right side and making surprise bunts to move runners ahead so that Mayberry and Lou Piniella can drive them home. During batting practice one day Mayberry stood behind the cage shouting through the ropes at Otis: "Your name was Amos Otis. Now it's Amos Otis, MVP." If Otis continues to follow another of McKeon's laws—"Know where you have been; know where you are; know where you are going"—he could make Mayberry's prophecy come true.

Selfless to a fault, the Royals took

two of three games from the Rangers, then flew into Chicago to put on one of the gaudier batting displays of the new season in a 12-5 victory. Every Royal who came up got a hit and Otis ran amok, going four for six at the plate, scoring three runs and stealing a base. The next day Wilbur Wood threw a three-hitter at the Royals. But Paul Splittorff threw a two-hitter right back and the Royals won 3-0. On Sunday the Royals loosed the batting thunder again, connecting for 14 hits in another 12-5 victory to sweep the series—something no divisional opponent was able to do to the White Sox at home all last year. Four Royals belted homers—Mayberry, Patek, Hal McRae (the designated hitter) and Ed Kirkpatrick—and Big John had a double, too, as did Otis.

If Whitey Herzog's judgment of Kansas City is anywhere near the mark, the Royals will be serious contenders for the division title.

"We have a chance," says Outfielder McRae, who played last year for the Cincinnati Reds. "Maybe we don't have the big names that some other clubs have, but we are playing the game the right way. If I had to bet, I'd say that we will hit as many home runs as Cincinnati, if not more, and that we will steal as many bases. But nobody is calling us the Big Blue Machine."

Not yet.

END



THE MOUTH THAT NEARLY ROARED

His wired jaw kept the decibels down, but the message was clear: Norton, Frazier and Foreman are in trouble. Muhammad Ali will be 'trained' for this comeback and better than ever. That's what he says **by TEX MAULE**

If you have counted out Muhammad Ali (see cover) as the next heavyweight champion of the entire universe, forget it. In the next couple of years he will knock out Ken Norton in four rounds, Joe Frazier in six and win his championship back from George Foreman by a technical knockout in 13. If you don't believe that, ask Ali.

His mouth is wired shut to mend the broken jaw Norton dealt him in the fight in San Diego, but to a talker of Ali's championship caliber, this is no handicap. His voice comes through clenched teeth loud and clear and confident, as always.

Last week, sitting behind a desk in a small, crowded room in the headquarters of Mayor Coxson, a black multimillionaire who is running for mayor of Camden, N.J., Ali discoursed at considerable length on past errors, his present condition and his brilliant future. He was dressed in a conservative blue suit and glistening black patent-leather shoes. There were no exterior signs of the badly broken jaw that probably cost him the Norton fight, except that he had to talk between his teeth. Oddly, he did this with none of the sublimance one might expect, his voice coming through as precisely as a ventriloquist's.

Going into the Norton fight, Ali explained, he missed almost all of his final week of training because of a sprained ankle. "I was playin' golf one day," he said, "Revolutionizin' the game. If I had not of been the greatest fighter the world ever seen, I could of been the greatest golfer. I don't stand there an' look at the ball and wiggle the club like Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus and them cats. I was walkin' up to the ball and hittin'

it while I was walkin' and knocking it 300, 350 yards."

He got up from behind the desk to demonstrate. He walked across the room and turned to show his approach, then walked crabwise toward the desk, taking three quick steps and swinging an imaginary golf club. Watching him, it seemed plausible that he could hit a ball 300 yards that way. In which direction was less certain.

"Then I figured I'm gonna do even better," he said. "I was gonna run up and hit the ball. First time, I hit the grass, second time I lost my balance and swung all the way round and fell down and twisted my ankle. Man, I laid out there on the grass for 30 minutes, my ankle hurtin', then the doctor for the San Diego Chargers come to see me and I had to spend the rest of that day restin'. Couldn't run no more at all before the fight, couldn't train right, nothin'." He sat down at the desk again and sipped from a cup of pureed navy bean soup.

Back in San Diego, where he came into the ring too heavy at 221 pounds, he had looked sluggish, probably because of the ankle, but even with that injury he felt he would have won. It was the jaw that did him in. He broke it in the second round, he said, not in the first as reported earlier. "I felt it go. Didn't know it was a broke jaw, but I felt it. Got hit with a right cross over a left jab. When I got back to my corner, there was dark red, bluish blood comin' out of my mouth, but I didn't want to quit because there was too many people involved, all them people paid to get in to see me and all them people on television everywhere."

The broken jaw ruined Ali's style for the rest of the fight. "I was fearful," he said. "Fearful of goin' in on the attack."

He got up again to demonstrate what he meant. "I'm fightin' a cat and he ducks," he said, shadowboxing, throwing quick, hard punches. "When he

ducks, I can go whoomp, whoomp, whoomp, like this, thrown' uppercuts, crosses, both hands. But now I can't, I got to protect that jaw. I got to back off and cover up like this in case he throw a wild punch and hit me there."

He covered away from his imaginary opponent, covering his face with his hands.

"Joe Frazier never could have fought a big, hard-hittin' 210-pound man for 10 rounds with a broken jaw," he said. "He's too muscled. You got to be scientific and artistic enough to stall, keep the fight goin' and still protect yourself. My jaw hurt when I was showin' you that stuff, even."

A slim young man came in interrupting him. Someone had stolen the hubcaps from Ali's Rolls-Royce, one of the several luxury cars he owns.

"They gonna cost you \$180 apiece to get new ones," he said, and Ali wheeled. "Go get 'em and tell the man I'll pay him later," he said. He sipped at his soup again and returned to the fight.

"Didn't have a right hand after the sixth round," he said, holding out his hand and showing a swollen knuckle on the second finger. "Hit Norton a couple of shots on the head in the sixth and from then on it felt like I had arthritis in my hand, so I couldn't throw no punches with it. But I'm so great I still went on, I'm fighting with a broken jaw and a bad ankle and a sore hand and people say I look bad. But in that last round he looked bad."

He touched the jaw gently and shook his head in wonder at his greatness.

"Funny, the jaw didn't hurt so much in the fight," he said. "Under all the heat and the excitement, you don't feel it. Like a man in a street fight. He get cut in the stomach, fights on with his guts hangin' out and don't feel nothin' until he gets to the hospital."

Touching his jaw reminded Ali that he had made an appointment with a doctor for three o'clock. It was now nearly

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL SPILLER

Enjoying his new life as a homebody, Ali, with his wife Belinda, entertains for Muhammad Ali Jr. and a brace of Indonesian fight promoters

four and he called to cancel the visit.

"One good thing about it," he said after the call. "Took a broken jaw to let me stay home and enjoy my wife and my children. Now I lay around the house and play with my kids, work in the yard a little, help Belinda around the house, watch movies of my fights and cartoons. Otherwise, I'm all the time travelin', fightin' anybody, building up the boxing world. When I quit, it's goin' back to the same old slow, flat-footed thing it was before."

He slipped on his jacket, preparing to go home. Belinda, his wife, was preparing a dinner for two promoters from Indonesia, where Ali has a fight scheduled in July.

"Gonna be about three weeks before I can start running again," he said. "When I come back, people going to see a better Ali. My footwork will be beautiful, all that speed. Don't the Ali shuffle, all them things."

He did the Ali shuffle, watching himself out of the corner of his eye in a wall mirror. He looked trimmer than

he has recently, although he had not lost any weight on the liquid diet.

"I wasn't following my religion," he said. "I only have to answer to Allah for that. He knows what I was doin' wrong. Goin' to bed at one o'clock in the morning, sleepin' until nine before I got up to run."

Now he was waiting in the small foyer of the Carson headquarters building, which he said he owned. "Goin' back to the old Golden Glove days," he said. "I was too busy puttin' on a show, talkin', laughin', makin' jokes. When I start trainin' again, all that is out. I'm gonna get up at five, say my prayers and run three miles. Three is enough. I don't need no more than that. Go to bed early, face to the east and say my prayers again. Train up at my camp in the Poconos, just me and my manager and a sweaty gym, like in the old days. I won't let nobody in to see me train but the press, so I'll get right down to business, no more shows."

He looked seriously at his companion, widening his eyes as he sometimes does

when he is trying to evaluate the impact of his words.

"I'm more dedicated now than ever," he went on. "This was a test Allah say. 'Ali, you so great, now you got your jaw broke, now let's see what you can do.' I'm gonna be better than ever. Should be in shape in maybe three months, then I'll give Norton another chance, though he don't really deserve it after barely winning a fight with a man with a broke jaw, a bad ankle and a hurt right hand. I'll bump him off in four rounds, then I'll bump off Frazier in six. I'm just in my prime at 31, know, more, still can hit, still got most of my speed. Then I'll fight Foreman, but I won't knock him out. I'll beat him so bad they'll have to stop the fight in the 13th round."

His car—not the Rolls-Royce but a long Lincoln limousine—came around for him and he got in for the short ride to his home in Cherry Hill, a wealthy New Jersey suburb of Philadelphia.

It is a big, Spanish-style house in a predominantly white neighborhood. Law-

continued



Catching a bright light in his darkest hour, Muhammad ramps on the pad with three of his children, the identical twins Rashada and Jemilah, 2½, and Ali, 11 months, his only son



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shly furnished, it is built around an inner patio containing a swimming pool. Ali watches his movies and cartoons in a basement projection room that would do credit to a Hollywood studio.

At home, Ali left boxing for a while to discuss another of his talents—poetry. He has been nominated as a poet in residence at Oxford University, a post to be decided by the vote of Oxford graduates in the near future.

"Yeah," Ali said. "I heard about that. That Oxford a big, famous place?"

Assured that it was certainly famous, he grinned mischievously.

"How much they pay for a job like that?" he asked.

"About seven hundred pounds a year," he was told.

"How much is that in money?"

"Maybe two thousand dollars."

His face fell, but he thought about it a moment, then asked, "What I got to do?" Told he only had to lecture three times a year, he felt better.

"Hey," he said. "I'll get all dressed up in a big hat and tails and give 'em one of my regular lectures. I don't *have* to talk about poetry, do I?"

The prospective poet laureate of Oxford thought about his literary future only briefly before returning to his natural milieu.

He began analyzing the current crop of heavyweight contenders, not to their advantage. "I got four more years before they can say I'm over the hill. I'm gonna be in shape when I come back, down around 215 pounds. Ain't no reason for me to start with any warmup fights. I want to start with the best. Norton. He gonna get his chance, but he don't know enough. He ain't relaxed. Crowds bother him. We couldn't watch him train because it made him nervous. Frazier, he too easy to hit and he don't have the right style to come back."

He demonstrated Frazier's all-out, head-forward, hit-me style.

"George Foreman," he said, with relish. "He a better boxer than Frazier. He got a good left hand, hits hard, got a good right uppercut, too. But he's too slow on his feet. Don't move around. They tell me he gets tired after five or six rounds, and I can get in shape to dance for 15. So I'll just stick and move and tire him out and that will be the end of George."

He was sticking and moving as he talked, and he began to imitate his old

friend Howard Cosell, who has broadcast most of his fights.

"This is gonna be the next *My* fight," he said. "Me and Foreman. Cosell before the fight, he's gonna be sayin', 'There is the unbelievable Muhammad Ali, the man who came back from a broken jaw to destroy Norton in four rounds, then knock out Joe Frazier in the *sixth* round.'"

His imitation of Cosell suffered from his inability to catch Cosell's nasal twang, but the timing and heavy accent on key words was perfect.

"Forty-five minutes later," Ali said, "he gon' to be sayin' this, 'Ladies and gentlemen, here is the *unseparable* Muhammad Ali, who has just chopped up George Foreman. He is *the* greatest fighter who has ever lived and no one will ever match him.'"

Ali savored the thought.

"Gonna be all those people jumping up in the ring, talking to ever body, tryin' to talk to me," he said, his eyes wide again, seeking belief from his listeners. "Gonna be hollerin', 'You the champ, you the greatest, you best ever lived.' They gonna be right, but I been there and I know how quick they forget. I'll be there, no marks on me, handsome, strong, the best fighter in the world, no marks on me from a fighter who destroyed Frazier."

He shrugged and, as often happens with him, the light dimmed. He has a curious faculty of being hypertalkative for a long time, then his eyelids slip halfway down over his eyes and he seems to go into a trance, thinking of the things he will—or can—do.

That mood lasted briefly before he lit up "Then, you know what?" he asked, the eyes wide and sparkling. "Cosell gonna come into my dressing room to talk to me. He gonna say, 'Here's the greatest! They had to stop the fight in the 13th round because he was giving Foreman such an unbelievable beating. Champ, what have you got to say?' Then he's gonna stick that microphone in my face and I'm gonna say, 'Get away from me, sucker. I don't want to talk to you after all you say about me been' washed up. I don't want to talk to you, sucker.'"

He laughed, thinking about that scene. He is sure it will happen. It could, except for the spumed microphone. The Mouth never could give up an opportunity to talk, broken jaw or not. **END**

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On a good day Charter Captain Cliff North has raised 200 billfish off the rediscovered island of Cozumel. In fact, as part of the day's work he has become accustomed to

BEING EATEN ALIVE BY SAILFISH

by COLES PHINIZY

The Mexican island of Cozumel that sits off the wild coast of Quintana Roo in the western Caribbean keeps getting rediscovered. To judge by legends cut in stone, Cozumel was first found by Mayan Indians, who abandoned it before Europeans showed up. Scholars believe the Mayans left Cozumel by choice, but realists who have probed the island's interior maintain the Indians were carried back to the mainland in the talons of large mosquitoes.

Reputedly, after the Mayans left (or were deported), Cozumel was discovered by Hernando Cortés, the conquistador, and later by Jean Lafitte, the French-Louisianan buccanter. In the mid-19th century when piracy became passé, refugees from the endless wars of Mexico started farming the island. Cozumel might have become famous for tobacco and pineapples, except that the original landholders sent their children abroad to school. After they had a taste of city life in Chetumal and Valladolid, it was hard to keep the kids down on a pineapple farm. In a matter of three generations the island went back to sleep.

Cozumel was next rediscovered 15 years ago, at the start of the jet age, by Robert Marx and Don Pablo Bush Romero, two of the world's famous underwater archaeological bums. Scuba divers by the thousands followed on their flippers. The first heavy assault of divers



had barely hit the beach before travel editors began discovering the island, dipping platitudinous pens into purple ink and extolling the unspoiled virtues of the place. The travel editors were followed by fashion photographers and New York models wearing getups that would make an ancient Mayan gag.

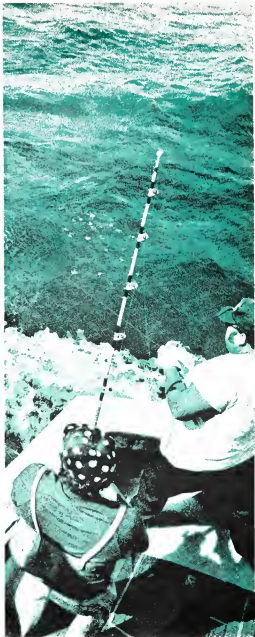
Today the busy island of Cozumel needs discovering about as much as the Mississippi needs another gallon of water. Nonetheless, it is once again being discovered, this time by sport fishermen led by a 44-year-old, button-nosed, Alabama-born charter skipper named Charles (Cliff) North.

Although he is a man of considerable wisdom, Cliff North is no better suited to cope with the whimsies of Cozumel than any of its earlier discoverers. North has only two eyes, two ears and one mouth. In the fish-rich waters west of Cozumel, that is barely enough. Twelve miles across the Cozumel strait, where a torrent of Caribbean water impinges on the coast of Quintana Roo, the bottom rises sharply. For most of 30 miles along Quintana Roo, the 20-fathom curve, where sailfish abound, lies less than a quarter mile offshore and barely a hundred yards inside the 100-fathom line where marlin dwell. Marlin are bigger, but offer less action, and most anglers want action. A skipper after sailfish must constantly watch his fathometer and at the same time keep his boat away from the seabirds that swirl over baitfish like paper scraps caught in a dust devil. On classic game-fish grounds the swirling birds are a happy sign, for under them usually there are bonito, tuna, or dolphin. But in the new waters of Cozumel, where there are crazy, dancing sailfish galore, it is considered a sin to waste baits on trashy fish like tuna and dolphin.

While he follows a line line on his fathometer and avoids the telltale birds, with his other eye Cliff North tries to watch the four baits trailing behind his boat. The sailfish of Cozumel are dainty and freakish eaters. In the nutrient water pressed up along the steep coast, they are well fed but still cautious. They often rise out of the blue, singly or in pairs, simply to window-shop. Sometimes they come by the dozen. While North has his eye on a lone fish cruising behind the left outrigger bait, suddenly three more fish will pop up behind the right short bait. In the next moment there may be a half dozen fish toying with all four baits, pecking away so delicately that they do not even knock the lines off the outriggers. In such instances, Cliff North is beside himself. "We're being eaten alive by sailfish," he howls in distress, "and there's not a dad-gum thing I can do about it."

North's command of salty English is inadequate for the frenzied fishing off Cozumel. Considering that he has been some kind of seaman for the past 24 years, his repertoire should be as rich as a mature pile, but curiously it is lim-

continued



ited. In a cuss he vents his rage with a staccato burst of "dad-gummit" punctuated by an occasional "goddam." "Left long! Left long! A sailfish, dad-gummit," he yells from the bridge to his anglers and mate in the cockpit. "He's eating it! Dad-gummit, wind in. Wind, dad-gummit! Wind! Wind! Right long! Right long! Two more fish. Another fish on right short! Free spool, dad-gummit! Free spool. He's eating it! Now, wind! Dad-gummit, wind. Wind. Get in the dad-gum teaser. Let's get these dad-gum fish." The fish do not oblige. They take two baits but not the hooks. "Four hungry, eating fish," North wails, "and we blew them all. Goddam."

When the action falls off, North becomes morose. Forty minutes after tagging a good fish, he reports dolefully on the radio to a rival skipper, "We've been wandering around Playa del Carmen for the last two hours doing nothing except pick up seaweed and get eaten alive by dolphins." Even when a sailfish is solidly hooked and dancing beautifully 200 yards out, North is seldom

content. "All right," he shouts down to his mate, Tiny Brown, "let's get this fish tagged so we can start fishing again." He wheels his 44-foot Striker boat around on the troubled sea as if it were an eight-foot dink. As the dancing fish swings from the deep to the shoals, then outruns the 30-knot Striker, then reverses its field and races for the deep again, North charges ahead, then goes hard right, rudder astern, then left forward and dead astern. "I'm backing, and there's a big sea coming after us," he yells down to the cockpit. "You all will get wet, but there's not a dad-gum thing I can do about it." In six-foot seas, if a 60-pound sailfish is not brought to boat on 20-pound line in three minutes, North is ashamed.

On the best of days off Cozumel, North has raised over 200 sailfish and has tagged and released more than 35. Even on a ho-hum day, when he raises only 40 fish, he keeps busy. The radio beside him is constantly crackling. While he coaches and scolds the anglers in his cockpit, out of the other side of his mouth he counsels rival skippers who are fishing Cozumel for the first time. Skipper Ronnie Hamlin of the *Big Blue* calls North on the radio with a special problem: some huge, huge fish with white markings on its back is horsing around the *Big Blue*. "What you got there, Ronnie," North replies, "is probably a whale shark. It won't take any bait you got out. Whale sharks are real friendly. Skin divers have climbed all over their backs."

The boat *Sea Chaser* reports to North jubilantly that they have just released a whopper of a sailfish, about 150 pounds. North means. "All I can say is I am sorry. The biggest Atlantic sailfish ever caught is around 140 pounds. What you have just done is blow a dad-gum world record. If the weighing scales in Cozumel aren't good enough, you could have bought the fish a ticket on a plane and had it weighed in Miami."

In some respects Cliff North's pioneering of a new world of fish off Cozumel resembles the earlier ramblings of Christopher Columbus. Like Columbus, North was not the first to sail beyond the old horizon, but the first to do so convincingly. A half dozen years ago a New York perfume manufacturer, Luis de Hoyos, had started angling in Cozumel, and several private fishing boats in Florida had played around in the strait, but North was the first to do more than sample the

place. Like Columbus, he kept going back and prowling around.

He might never have gone to Cozumel if Hurricane Camille had not blown across his path in 1969. At the time he was skipper of *Splicee*, a charter boat owned by a dental surgeon named Warren Sarge. In the summer of '69 North was headed for South Pass, L.L. to charter *Splicee* out for a few months. When Camille beat him to South Pass and smashed up the place, he swung down to Cozumel. He spent the better part of the next two years there, learning the ways of the local fish and reveling in their abundance. In those two years more than 50 times an odd species of fish with a white spot at the base of its bill trailed his lines. About a dozen of the white-spotted billfish took baits but never the hook. Other anglers, who have since seen the same queer fish, agree that it is some kind of marlin—maybe. When the spotted fish goes for a bait, its spot lights up, and its tail gleams neon bright like that of a blue marlin. But unlike the blue marlin, the pectorals of the spotted fish do not light up.

At the time North was probing the mysteries of Cozumel, Mark Phillips, a sales representative of Striker Aluminum Yachts, Inc., went there to celebrate a wedding anniversary and was impressed by the fishing. Since it is the proud claim of the Striker people that their dieselized, customized craft are not only the best for fishing but also the best for traveling afar to where the action is, it occurred to Phillips that a good way to prove the point would be to send a flotilla of Striker boats to the new grounds off Cozumel. And what better fleet leader could there be than Captain Cliff North?

Thus in another respect North resembles Columbus: he found a good backer. The late Queen Isabella of Spain only plunked out about \$10,000 for the three caravels Columbus used—and she was scolded for spending that much. If Isabella had ever furnished Columbus with a million-dollar fleet of aluminum boats simply to catch fish and throw them back, she would have been judged a real loony and might have ended up in irons. But times change. A 44-foot Striker, bought bare, costs \$117,500. When you add a tuna tower, outriggers, fighting chairs, loran, shoran, loran, bait boxes and an assortment of squawk boxes and other essentials, the price climbs

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sharply. In ball-park figures the fleet of 11 Strikers that Cliff North led from Florida to Cozumel last spring cost about a million and a half. Despite the price, no one considers either North or Mark Phillips to be too far off his nut. At the international fishing tournament that they helped to promote in Cozumel they were treated by their peers as just an ordinary pair of fishing idiots.

A fishing tournament such as the one at Cozumel is sweet relief from the logic and ritual that sully most sporting affairs today. In Cozumel many of the anglers did not care whether they won or lost, or how they played, or, indeed, if they played at all. According to Terry Byrne, a Floridian who ended up as official scorekeeper largely by default, 70 anglers fishing on 28 boats at Cozumel raised 1,327 fish in three days and brought 327 to boat. It is an impressive record and reasonably accurate, although no one will ever know the true score. None of the officials ever saw one of the boats supposedly competing (it may well have been the old *Maya Duree*, traveling incognito). Several anglers who did not fish (including one who was not even on the island) were credited with catching fish. Several anglers who caught fish were credited with none. *No hay de qué*.

When the West Hetchford Angling and Sporting Club has a flounder fishing tournament on Long Island Sound, only flounders count. Nobody gets a prize for hauling up the most seaweed on his hook. Although the Cozumel tournament was ostensibly a hill-fishing contest, there were also prizes for the largest dolphin, wahoo and tuna. After three days of trying to keep pesky dolphin, wahoo and tuna off their baits, three unlucky fishermen who caught big fish they did not want won prizes. It makes no sense, and therein lies the special charm of such affairs.

The tournament was won by Glen Logan, a Miami man who broadcasts angling reports and is best known around his hometown as the "Flying Fisherman." Since Logan was fishing on the Striker skippered by Cliff North, he had all the best going for him; still, his victory was a squeaker. After the regulation three days of fishing—a total of 17½ hours—Logan had 19 fish and was tied with Clyde Woerber, an Oklaan fishing out of an identical Striker. After three hours and 57 minutes of a four-hour over-

time, Logan and Woerber were again tied with 21 fish apiece. Then with only three minutes to go, as if to oblige Cliff North, the man who made them famous, two of Cozumel's dainty-eating sailfish popped up and charged the baits like wolves. When he saw both fish were suddenly hooked up, North shouted, "All right, let's get these fish and get this daggum tournament over so we can start fishing for fun."

On the last day of the tournament angler Gerard Bos aboard the *Big Blue* brought a fish to boat that had a white spot at the base of its bill. Possibly flustered because he was still in contention for the title, Bos tagged the fish and let it go. On the tagging card he mailed to the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution he described it as a sailfish about 7½ feet long. Under Remarks he wrote: "white dot on head." There are only nine species of billfish recognized the world around. Was the spotted fish that Gerard Bos had in hand a new species? Who knows? When he heard that one of the spotted fish that have nagged him for three years had been released, Cliff North said "daggummm!" several times.

Aboard the *Blue Struck* a lady named Ellie Dowd, who is a steady sailor but only a casual angler, hauled in a bull dolphin weighing 76 pounds. It was such a big beauty that the crew weighed it out of curiosity before cutting it up to eat. Once again North was grief struck. "They cooked and ate a world-record dolphin," he moaned. "I tell you there are people around here who know less about fishing than I do about flying a submarine."

In traditional grounds like Palm Beach such crazy goings-on possibly are not appropriate, but in Cozumel they are. The whole island—everything that walks, talks, flies, swims or crawls—is slightly and delightfully out of step. Whereas most of the world craves quiet, *Cozumelenses* thrive on noise. They play radios at full volume and they love to roar around on motorcycles and in poorly muffled cars. When the sun rides high in Cozumel, the noise abates, but as soon as sunset time is over, bedlam is restored and often lasts well into the dark and starry night.

Almost everywhere in his range the common water roach shuts light and hurnes for a crack when he gets too much. In Cozumel the roach oftentimes

promenades at noon, wearing his feelers in a friendly way. The boat-tailed grackle is a sensible bird everywhere but in Cozumel. When the wind pipes up to near gale force, a normal grackle cancels his plans and hangs onto a good perch, head to the wind. On Cozumel in a hard blow the grackle, undaunted, goes on with its nest building. The wind knocks its feathers askew, tumbles the bird over the ground and blasts the wisps of nest material away. The Cozumel grackle laughs it all off merrily and starts picking up more nest stuff as if the day were fair and calm. The man-o'-war bird is an able pirate. He takes his own fish and robs other birds of theirs, but he is rarely fool enough to go for anything trailing on a line. Slicing the air on half-folded wing, the man-o'-wars of Cozumel sometimes dive on baits and hack off the tag end without getting the hook. "Look at that fool man-o'-war on the bait," Cliff North shouts from his bridge. "I hope a sailfish sticks him in his dad-gum gut."

The wahoo of Cozumel are very high fliers, and the local kingfish often jump as only a wahoo should, taking one bait on the rise, sailing 40 feet through the air and pointing down on another. The sailfish of Cozumel are deep-shouldered like marlin, but even when cleanly hooked, they sometimes sulk in the deep like tuna. Some leap from the water belly up and bounce from crest to crest on their flanks, like bright stones skipped on a pond. They jump on the horizon and they dance beside the boat. Even when the gloved hand of the mate is on the leader, they keep on jumping.

In the Bal-Har restaurant on Cozumel a lady scuba diver from the U.S. tells her newly acquired male companion about the beautiful experience she had on her first visit to the island a year ago. Diving on the great reef of Palancar, she saw an angelfish swimming upside down. Her companion corrects her. Angelfish do not swim upside down. What she saw was one of the little busses that swim belly up when they are under ledges. The lady is infuriated. "It was no buss, my Mexican ass," she shouts. "It was a queen angelfish a foot long, and it was swimming upside down in broad daylight."

Cliff North sums it all up. "Cozumel is a crazy place," he says, "but daggum beautiful, especially if you like a lot of fish."

END

SUBTLE SIDE OF THE SHELL GAME

Much is made of the ecstasy and agony of rowing, the hopeful start in a swirl of spray, the powerful beat to an ancient rhythm, a fragile shell being driven by almost a ton of men, the exhilaration and the exhaustion at the end. But too little is said of rowing's less obtrusive ingredients: the controlled grace of a single sculler as he rations his strength to 2,000 meters; the beads of water on a freshly hauled shell; the thwack of oars and the roll of seats; the smell of sun-warmed varnish on a day in April, the pungency of a dim boathouse; the deceptively effortless stride of a four with coxswain going home late on an autumn afternoon. Here and on the next pages Photographer James Drake records the scene that has fascinated him since his boyhood in Philadelphia where his family took him on drives along the Schuylkill and, he recalls, there always seemed to be a race.

Power! A triumphant coxswain flexes his biceps. Precision: a coxswain pauses at the end of his backswing. Persuasion, an intent coxswain directs a four home from a trail.







"Ready all, row!" the starter calls across to the crews, and Penn's powerful oarsmen dig away from the stake boat in a frenzy of spray and partly missed strokes. But soon the boat settles into stride, propelled by rhythmic sweeps that barely ripple the water's surface. The sport is one of coordination, from the delicate launching of the shell under the watchful eye of the coxswain to the careful stacking of the blades daubed in school or club colors and (if his boat has won) to the grand climax: the launching of the little coxswain himself.







IN 1908, you had to reserve way ahead for this room at Mrs. Bobo's Hotel in Lynchburg, Tennessee. You still do.



It's not easy to get a room because Jack Daniel's bachelor employees keep the hotel pretty well filled. But if you're planning a leisurely visit to the Hollow

it might be worthwhile to try. Mrs. Bobo's meals are famous around these parts, especially her coffee and tea. (We're proud to say she uses our local iron-free spring water.) So if you decide to come, write to Garland Dusenberry at our distillery and he'll see what he can do.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Ignominiously in their last IRA race, freshmen from Miami College of Poughkeepsie sink inevitably into the gloomy waters of Onondaga Lake as their unlamentedcox barks a final order, "Abandon ship, men, I order!"

The author is considered one of the finest and most subtle short-story writers to emerge during the thaw in Soviet literature that prevailed for roughly a decade following the death of Stalin in 1953. His background, typical of his generation of Soviet intellectuals, bears heavily upon the content of his work. His parents were arrested during the devastating purges of the mid-1930s, and at the age of four he was placed in one of the notorious Soviet "Homes for Children of the Enemies of the People." His mother, the Jewish writer Eugenia Ginzburg, survived 18 years of prison, concentration camp and exile to write a chilling memoir, "Journey into the Whirlwind," which, like much of her son's current work, has been banned in the Soviet Union. Chess recently has been classified as a sport, but in this surrealistic story, now translated into English, Akhmatov uses a chess game to mirror a whole lifetime and its grim associations. His contest has no winner.

by **VASILY AKHMATOV**

Translated by **ANDREW R. MACANDREW**

THE GRAND MASTER

The Grand Master and a chance traveling companion played a game of chess in the compartment of an express train.

As the Grand Master entered the compartment, the man immediately recognized him and felt a sudden twinge of desire for an impossible victory over a grand master. Casting furtive, probing glances at the Grand Master, he thought: "Who can tell what may happen? What's so special about the guy? He looks so scrappy."

The Grand Master realized right away that he had been recognized and resigned himself: he was stuck now for at least two games. He knew the type—he had caught sight of the steep pink brows of such people often enough outside the windows of the Chess Club on Gogol Boulevard.

As the train started moving the Grand Master's traveling companion casually turned toward him.

"How about a little game of chess?" he said in a tone of affected innocence. "What do you say?"

"Well—all right," the Grand Master muttered.

The traveling companion leaned into the passage, hailed the woman conductor and asked for a chess set. As soon as it appeared he, with a haste that belied his casual air, dumped the pieces out of the box, picked up two pawns and held them up to the Grand Master concealed in his fists. On the bulging muscle between the thumb and index finger of his left hand were tattooed the initials G.O.

"Left," the Grand Master said. His lips twitched slightly: he was imagining the blows these fists could deliver, both left and right.

The Grand Master drew the white.

"We have to kill time, don't we?" G.O. was purring good humoredly as he set the pieces on the board. "There's nothing nicer than a little game of chess

continued





WILSON A'LEAN

when you're traveling, don't you think?"

They rapidly went through the opening moves. Then somehow everything became confused. The Grand Master was watching the board tensely, but the moves he was making were minor, rather irrelevant. Again and again, lightning-like trails for his queen flashed before his eyes, trails that would sweep him toward a mate. Yet he blotted out these flashes by lowering his eyelids, responding to a faint, nagging, inner buzz like a mosquito's.

"You're brave, my friend, but your house is a dump. I'll give you my dagger. . . ." G.O. hummed monotonously.

The Grand Master was a picture of neatness in dress, the epitome of sobriety in manner, but underneath he was a vulnerable man, unsure of himself. He was still young. He wore a gray suit, a light shirt and a conservative tie. No one but the Grand Master himself knew that his ties bore Dior labels. That little secret somehow had the power to give him a feeling of warmth, to cheer him up. His glasses, too, were helpful in hiding from outsiders the uncertainty and shyness in his eyes. There were still his lips, however, that could not be hidden, for that, alas, was against accepted custom. He hated them for the way they had of twitching and stretching into pitiful little smiles.

G.O.'s way of playing surprised the Grand Master and depressed him. On the cluttered left side of the board, the pieces were snarled in knots, forming crude imitations of cabalistic signs. G.O.'s moves were like the tuning up of a third-rate brass band, like grim yellowish-gray snow, like a cement factory. The whole left side of the board emitted a smell of latrines and disinfectant, together with the sour tang of barracks and wet kitchen rags. And then, also from early childhood, came a whiff of castor oil and diarrhea.

"You are Grand Master so-and-so, aren't you?" G.O. asked.

"That's right."

"Ha-ha-ha! What a coincidence!"

Why coincidence? What coincidence can he be talking about? Unbelievable! How could this ever have happened? I give up, please allow me to resign—panicky thoughts flitted through the Grand Master's head. But then he realized what was going on and smiled.

"Yes, of course, of course."

"You're a grand master, but I'm forking your queen and your rook," G.O. said, raising his hand. His perfidious knight hung over the board.

A fork in the behind! the Grand Master thought. Some fork! His grandfather had his own personal fork and never allowed anyone else to use it. It was his private property: private fork, spoon, knife, private plate and a portable spittoon. There was also that heavy winter coat with the special kind of fur lining. The coat hung by the door but Grandpa never went out. Grandpa and Grandma were forked. Too bad to lose the old folks.

While the knight was hanging over the chessboard, the Grand Master again saw the lightninglike trails that, by expedient sacrifices, would open up his opponent's strongholds to his attack and lead to mate. But, alas, the piece in G.O.'s hand, the horse's head with the dirty bit of purple felt coming unstuck from its base, was so real that the Grand Master shrugged.

"So you're sacrificing your rook?" G.O. asked.

"What can I do?"

"You're sacrificing the rook to mount an attack, aren't you? Have I guessed right?" G.O. said, still hesitating to place his knight on the fateful square.

"I'm simply moving my queen out of the way to save it," the Grand Master mumbled.

"Are you setting a trap for me?" G.O. asked.

"Oh, no, not at all. You're simply a strong player."

G.O. then cushed in on his precious fork. The Grand Master hid his queen in a little corner behind a veranda, the half-collapsed veranda of a stone house, with carved decaying pillars. In that corner, in the fall, it smelt of dusty maple leaves. You could squat there comfortably and wait it out. It was good there, because at least your pride couldn't be hurt. Then he rose for a moment from behind the veranda and saw G.O. removing his rook.

The intrusion of the black knight in the middle of the mindless crowd of pieces on the left flank, its occupation of the Grand Master's QN4 square, was in itself a matter for serious concern.

The Grand Master realized that in this position, on this green spring evening, the myths of his youth wouldn't do. Lovable fools like cabin boys called

Billy, cowboys called Harry, beauties called Mary and Nellie, may well roam through a world in which a brigantine sets her sails. But there comes a moment when one feels that threat from the real proximity of a black knight on his QN4 square. He was faced with a struggle—complex, subtle, absorbing and intricate. Life was ahead of him.

The Grand Master captured an enemy pawn, took his handkerchief out of his pocket and blew his nose. During the few moments of perfect privacy, while his nose and lips were hidden in the handkerchief, his thoughts wandered off into anodyne philosophizing.

You strive and strive for something, and then what? You're after it all your life and finally you win—victory is yours. But then happiness still does not come . . . or take Hong Kong, a city so far away and mysterious . . . well, I've been there. I've been everywhere, and . . .

In his position, the Grand Master thought, Petrosian would have already resigned.

The loss of the pawn didn't worry G.O.: he had just captured an enemy rook, hadn't he? He responded by moving his queen in a way that gave the Grand Master heartburn and a twinge of headache.

The Grand Master saw that there were still some pleasures in store for him. There was, for instance, the joy of the long diagonal sweeps of his bishop: sliding the bishop ever so lightly over the board can replace, in some measure, the sliding of a skiff over the sunny surface with shady patches of that pond just outside Moscow—from sun into shade, from shade into sun. The Grand Master felt a passionate urge to take possession of square KR8 because it was a square of love, a hillock of love over which hovered transparent dragonflies.

"That sure was smart, the way you made up for that rook. And I fell right into it," G.O. said hoarsely. Only the last phrase betrayed his annoyance.

"I'm sorry," the Grand Master said very quietly. "Would you like to play the last few moves over?"

"N—no, I want no favors. I insist on following the rules," G.O. said, intoning the song "I'll give you my dagger, my gun, and my horse," he plunged into strategic reflections.

The exuberant summer celebrations on square KR8 were filling the Grand Mas-

continued

**The difference between a small car
and a small car by Buick.**



Introducing Apollo. By Buick.



(Text and illustrations follow)

Another small car? Aren't there enough on the market already?

Small cars come in big numbers.



Yes and no. Yes, there are small cars of many makes and models running around. No, there isn't the kind of small car that Buick thinks America needs.

A small car has small-car hangups.

The biggest argument for small cars seems to be that... well, they're small. They cost less to buy. They cost less to operate. They're easy to drive. And they're fun to drive.

But there are a number of situations in which a number of small cars are ill at ease.

Like on expressways. Or on bumpy roads. Or with a family inside.

Getting around in a small car isn't always easy.



A big car has big-car hangups. The biggest argument for big cars seems to be that they take good care of you. They offer performance, roominess, and riding comfort.

But a big car can be a handful when you're trying to maneuver and park on small streets or in big traffic. And a big car costs more, both to buy and to operate.

The plan, then, was to combine the advantages of a big car with the advantages of a small car.

Ah, the joys of driving a big car.



Introducing Apollo by Buick. Now, about the body. Let's face it. Apollo's basic body configuration is something you've seen before.

But Buick has taken that same basic shell and transformed it into Apollo—a small car that offers the kind of prestige, performance and creature comforts you'd expect of a larger car. There's a high level of interior and exterior trim available. And there's abundant acoustical insulation.

Sports car lovers will find the ride too soft.

Which is just fine. Because we designed Apollo for comfort, not for competition.



Performs beautifully even though the road is rough.

And we did it with coil springs up front, multi-leaf springs in the rear—each selected by a computer according to the way each Apollo is equipped.

This is one small car that knows how to keep quiet. In all Apollo models, sound deadeners are applied to the roof panel, under front and rear seat floors, to the door outer panels, wheelhouses, and the passenger compartment floor.

There's insulation below and behind the instrument panel.

With available V-8 engines, a full fiberglass hood blanket is included. And to help isolate



noise and vibrations, rubber isolation mounts are used between the body and the frame.

When all is said and done, Apollo simply doesn't sound like a small car.

Perhaps the most impressive asset is inside.

Thick carpeting is standard. So is an instrument panel with wood-grain vinyl accents.



Custom interior available.

So are front and rear armrests and ash-trays.

The full-foam seats are very un-small-car. They're big, thick and comfortable—with room for legs, hips and shoulders.

Why Apollo weighs 450 pounds more than a lesser compact. When ordered the way we suggest, Apollo weighs more because Apollo comes with more. Standard equipment includes that rather imposing bumper system with full-width steel reinforcement.

Large E78 x 14 tires.

And all that insulation.

Then there are Apollo's available and eminently desirable V-8 engines and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.

It isn't a typical compact—not when you add a Buick V-8.

There are V-8s and there are Buick V-8s. A rather important distinction.

Because Buick V-8 engines offer features like nickel-plated exhaust valves, semi-closed cooling systems, time-modulated chokes and so on and so forth.

It's really not important that you understand all the equipment. Just so you understand that a Buick V-8 is a rather special way to power a car.

And that the 350-cubic-inch V-8s that go into Apollos are the same engines that go into our most expensive Century models.

There are two Buick V-8s available for Apollo—and either one can handle both city streets and highways.

Naturally, Apollo is available in a hatchback.

Which is a beautiful way to make an already "big" small car even bigger. Because with the hatchback up and the back seat down, Apollo takes on a lot of cargo-carrying ability.

The cargo area is over six fully carpeted feet long—with a whopping 27-cubic-foot capacity. Not bad for a small car.



Fill'er up



continued...

Of course, if you're not inclined to carry Christmas trees or carpets in your Apollo, you can always choose either a 2-door Coupe or a 4-door Sedan version.

You'll still have plenty of room for people because Apollo's interiors are deceptively roomy.

Apollo may be a small car, but it's hard to tell from the inside.



Your choice of 4-door, Hatchback or Coupe body styles.

If you have about 3,200 dollars* to spend for a car, read on. At first thought, the idea of spending more than 3,000 dollars for a typical small car might sound a bit steep.

But then, we're not talking about a typical small car, are we?

Let's say you have 3,200 dollars to spend.

Your money will get you an Apollo 2-door Coupe with the following recommended equipment:

Buick 350 cubic-inch V-8 (2-bbl. carb.) • Turbo Hydra-Matic 350 Transmission • Variable Ratio Power Steering • E78 x 14 Whitewall Bias Ply Tires • Deluxe Wheel Covers • Bumper Protective Strips (Front and Rear) • Protective Body Side Moldings.

Of course there are plenty of additional items you can specify, but the combination suggested makes a good, solid base to start with.

And at that price, with that much equipment, Apollo is about as much small car as you're going to find on the market today.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for the Apollo 2-door Coupe includes dealer new vehicle preparation charge and the equipment listed above. Other options, destination charge, state and local taxes are additional.

Specifications

Dimensions (inches, unless otherwise noted)	
Wheelbase	111.0
Length	197.9
Width	72.4
Height	52.5
Curb weight (lbs.)	3317
Axle Ratio: Manual Transmission	3.08
Automatic Transmission	2.73

Apollo. By Buick.



ter's heart with joy but, at the same time, he was worried. He felt that there would soon be an accumulation of outwardly logical but inwardly absurd forces in the center of the board, that he would hear again the cacophony and there would be the smell of cheap disinfectant, as in those horrible faraway halls in the left wing of the building.

"One thing I'd like to know," G.O. suddenly said. "Why is it that all top chess players happen to be Jewish?"

"All?" the Grand Master said. "Take me, for instance, I'm not Jewish."

"Is that so?" G.O. said with surprise. "But please don't imagine I meant anything. I just said it, like that. I have absolutely no prejudice in these matters. I was just curious."

"And you, for instance," the Grand Master said, "you're not Jewish either, are you?"

"Ah, but I'm nowhere near in that league," G.O. said, and again plunged into his secret plans.

If I move here, he'll move there, G.O. thought; if I take this piece, he'll take the one over there in a couple of moves; then I'll counter like this, and he'll answer in that way. . . . But anyway, what's the difference? In the end I'll break him, finish him off. I don't care whether he's a grand master, or a ringmaster, or what—I've got more guts than he has. Besides, I suspect that all their championships and tournaments are fixed. Whatever he does, I'll crush him, even if it means giving him a bloody nose.

"Yes, of course, in that exchange I lost in quality," G.O. told the Grand Master. "But never mind, there's still plenty of daylight left for me."

He started his attack through the center and, as the Grand Master expected, the center immediately became a field of senseless and terrifying activities. No love here, no tender meeting, no hope, no warm greeting, no life. It was feverish chills, and again yellow snow, the hardships that followed the war, itching all over the body. The black queen was cawing in the center, cawing like an enamored crow, crow's love, and nearby a neighbor was scratching a tin bowl with a knife. Nothing could prove so finally the senselessness of life as this position in the center of the chessboard. It was time to finish this game.

No, the Grand Master thought, there must still be something beyond this. . . . He put on a tape of Bach's piano con-

certos to calm his heart with the pure sounds, smooth like the splashing of waves. He stepped out of the summerhouse and walked toward the sea. Pines rustled overhead and underfoot the slippery needles felt resilient.

Thinking of the sea, imitating it, he started to analyze the position, to harmonize it. Suddenly everything became bright and clear. Logically, as in Bach, he saw moves leading to the mate of the black king. The mate position lit up faintly and beautifully, perfectly shaped, like an egg. The Grand Master glanced at G.O., who sat there stiffly, congested, turkey-like, staring deep into the Grand Master's rear positions. He had not noticed the impending mate. The Grand Master remained silent, afraid to break the enchanting spell of the moment.

"Check," G.O. said quietly and cautiously, moving his knight and making a great effort to keep down the lion's roar that was trying to burst out of him.

. . . The Grand Master let out a yell and fled. Behind him, stamping and whistling, the owner of the villa came running. Euripides the driver, and Nina Kuzmichina, and passing them all, just about to catch up with the Grand Master, was the dog Nochka that someone had let off the chain.

"Check," G.O. repeated, moving his knight into a new position and swallowing some air with sensuous delight.

. . . The Grand Master was being led along a passage through a subdued crowd. Someone walking behind him was pressing a hard object against his back. In front of him waited a man in a black military coat with the lightninglike insignia on his collar—SS. One step—one half second, another step—one second, another step—a second and a half, one more step—two seconds. . . . Steps going up. Why up? This sort of thing is usually done in a hole. I must be dignified. Must I really? How long will it take them to put that stinking burlap bag over my head? It has grown quite dark, it is very difficult to breathe and the only sound is a military band playing somewhere very far away.

"You're brave, my friend. . . ."

"Mate!" G.O. shouted, sounding like a brass band.

"Well, you see, . . ." the Grand Master said. "Congratulations."

"Oof!" G.O. said. "I've worked up a real sweat. It's something unbelievable. Who the hell would've expected it? Me

cream a grand master—mate him! Incredible, but true!" He burst into wild laughter. "Rather clever of little me!" He patted himself on the head. "Ah, Grand Master, my dear Grand Master," he buzzed, putting his hands on the Grand Master's shoulders and giving him a hard, friendly squeeze. "You're such a fine young man, but I guess your nerves couldn't stand the pressure, right? Admit it."

"Yes, yes. . . I broke down," the Grand Master hastily agreed.

With a sweeping gesture, G.O. cleared the pieces off the board. It was an old chipped chessboard and in some places the polished top layer had peeled off, exposing the tired yellowish wood, and there were a few fragments of circular stains left from the glasses of railway tea that had rested on it.

The Grand Master was looking at the deserted chessboard, at the 64 perfectly indifferent squares that could absorb not only his life but an infinite number of lives, and that infinite succession of black and white squares filled him with awe and peace. I don't believe I've ever betrayed anyone in my life, he thought.

"If I told this to people, nobody would believe it," G.O. said, and sighed sadly.

"Why wouldn't they believe it? What's so incredible about it? You're a strong and forceful player."

"No one will believe it," G.O. repeated stubbornly. "They'll call me a damn liar. How will I be able to prove it to them?"

"Allow me," the Grand Master said, as if taken aback, looking at G.O.'s steep pink forehead. "I'll give you something that definitely will prove your claim. I had a feeling I would meet you."

He opened his briefcase and produced a round golden disk as large as the palm of his hand on which was engraved:

"The bearer has won a chess game from me. Grand Master so-and-so."

"All there is left to do is to engrave the date," he said, extracting an engraving tool from his briefcase and inscribing a beautiful date near the edge of the disk. "This is pure gold," he said, handing the disk to G.O.

"You're kidding?"

"It's absolutely pure gold," the Grand Master said. "I've ordered many disks like this one and I'll see to it that I always have an adequate supply of them."

END



Do college seniors really understand how selfish they need to be?

Strange, the things you think about in connection with being selfish. You'll buy yourself a sleek new stereo rig. Or you'll drop a bundle for a weekend on the ski slopes and think nothing about all that money melting away.

But there's a more important kind of selfishness that may not have occurred to you yet. It's not usually associated with the kind of things you buy yourself, and yet it sits squarely in that area defined as self-interest.

We're talking about life insurance. And to talk about life insurance to a college senior is a special conversation. A senior is not yet a bread-winner, not yet entrenched in the paid professional world. There are different needs to be considered, different questions to be answered.

We've been specializing in those needs for a long time.

Why have we been so successful at reaching people who are in their last year of college? Not through any genius on our part, but simply through our ability to hear the questions, feel the problems and come up with some reasonable answers and solutions.

Any way you cut it, beginning an insurance program at an early age *does* make sound financial sense. Getting protection while you're young and building an estate *are* attractive and highly practical ideas.

Our CollegeMaster® plan is designed especially for college seniors. It's the best-selling college plan in America. And one of the reasons that's true has to do with our Field Associates; they've been college seniors themselves; their average age is 28; they're highly trained professionals.

Turn the matter over in your mind. Give it some thought. We know you don't want to be attacked by a ferocious team of powerhouse salesmen, and that's not our style anyway. If you want to talk with us, we'll be happy to talk. Or if you'd just like some useful information, drop us a line. Either way, let's get the conversation started.



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Fidelity Union Life Insurance Co., Insurance Plaza, Dallas, Texas 75201
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* A person can get away with doing almost anything these days, especially if she's a girl. And particularly if she's Victoria **Medlin**. Victoria is the girl in those Vitallis TV commercials who romps into the Miami Dolphins' dressing room, helps Lineman **Larry Little** remove his jersey, snatches **Bob Griese's** hair spray, uses it on herself, hands it back to Griese and then—as she turns to go—slaps Griese on the rump and says, "Nice game, Bob." In another, Victoria grabs **Pete Rose's** Dry Control and gives his hair a varnishing before whacking him on the stomach and saying, "Now work on the gut." Pleased with the results, the agency handling the pitch is hunting around for new victims. Victoria, meanwhile, is hiding out from possible retaliation behind an unlisted telephone number in Manhattan.

One prospective new victim could be **Richie Schenblum**, who led the American League in hitting for a while last year and started accumulating everything that spells permanent big league—an outfield spot in the All-Star Game, a nod in Kansas City, fancy furniture, job security, endorsements... Well, no, check that. The furniture was rented, which was good, because Schenblum was shuffled off to Cincinnati, and those lucrative endorsements just didn't come in. As Schenblum admitted in the ad he finally did make, "No one ever called me to do a hair-spray commercial. This lack of judgment on their part could have been due to a lack of hair on my part." But naked talent triumphed. Schenblum was scouted and signed by an outfit called Hair Replacement Centers. There is now more substance to his top crop, his wallet and his chances for other testimonials.

Democratic National Committee lawyer **Joseph Califano**, play-



ing tennis at the indoor courts in McLean, Va., ran into none other than **John Stuart Magruder**, former deputy campaign director of the Committee for the Re-election of the President. Magruder's name had just been added to the list of defendants in the Watergate suit, from which the Democrats hope to net \$6.4 million. Califano couldn't resist a volley at Magruder. "If I'd known I'd be seeing you," he begged Magruder cheerfully, "I'd have saved expenses of a process server and served the subpoena myself."

Ken Houston is a safety for the Houston Oilers. And now he realizes how safety-minded he is. At the Texas Twin 200s, Houston rode in the pace car with New Orleans Saints owner **John McCom**, an auto-racing bug who once owned a racing team. "When they told McCom to kick it up to 95," Houston reports, "I just closed my eyes and slumped down in the seat."

On one of his occasional fishing expeditions outside the Soviet Union, Russian Premier **Alexei Kosygin** dropped his line into Swedish waters—while wearing the same Homburg, dark, thick suit and midwinter Moscow

overcoat he always seems to have on. The wife of his Stockholm ambassador hauled in a three-pound cod, but what brought a rare smile to the premier's face was his catch, the only other one the party made, a cod the size of a well-fed sardine.

There were two hockey banquets going on simultaneously in Portland, Ore., last week. At the one honoring the Buckaroos of the Western Hockey League, 43-year-old **Andy Hebenton**, a veteran of 23 years in the NHL and WHL, received three trophies: one as the team's most valuable player, another its most inspirational player. At the other banquet, honoring participants in the U.S. National Junior Hockey Tournament, 20-year-old **Clay Hebenton**, Andy's son, was named most valuable player, one-third the haul but a promising start.

The last we heard of **Johnny McKay** vs. Stanford, the USC coach was busy mending fences. Following his statement that "I'd like to beat Stanford by 2,000 points," he explained that he really had nothing against the football team, was only reacting to those Stanford students who

had yelled obscenities at him. So he amiably accepted an invitation to address a Stanford awards banquet and consented to play golf with Coach **Jack Christiansen**. Now it turns out that there may yet be some further patchwork to be done. When Christiansen showed up for spring practice, his car license plates bore the letters ZAP USC.

Have you heard about the new **Evel Knievel** motorcycle doll made by the Ideal toy people? It jumps and flips and does wheelies. "In fact," an Ideal man says, "it does everything Evel does except go to the hospital."

Ray Robinson, the world record sprinter who failed to show up at the starting line on time, was missing on all cylinders again. Upset by a couple of unknowns from Memphis State in the Florida Relays 100-yard dash, he said sheepishly, "I thought it was the semifinals and I was just trying to finish in the top three." Less sheepishly, Memphis Coach **Glenn Hays** rebutted, "Hardly likely, hardly likely." A few days later Robinson learned he hadn't met the right schedule with his books either. He was declared academically ineligible for further competition this spring at Florida A&M.

Graying **Archie Moore**, who once promised that after he retired from the ring he would reveal his secret recipe for eternal youth—but never did—has a rival now in ex-middweight champion **Tony Zale**, who did share his formula. After a lively exhibition match last month with **Ricky Graziano**, Zale said he mixed tea with orange juice, lime juice and parsley juice. Fine, as far as it goes, but here's the hard part: Zale drinks a quart of the stuff a day, which probably explains why Archie and the rest of us turn gray.

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Rod Carew, the best-hitting American League second baseman since Charlie Gehringer, finds it almost impossible to hit the headlines. This is puzzling. For one thing, Carew was born on a train, and very few second basemen have been born on trains. For another, his is not the average situation in life. He is black and Hispanic, his wife is white and Jewish. And though the league has recently been hypnotized by the feats of Dick Allen, Allen is not the defending batting champion. Carew is.

All this would be reason enough to talk about Carew while the season warms up, but there is another, more timely one: Carew's Minnesota Twins, third in the West last year, have been kicking the wheyout of the world champion Oakland A's. Now it may not be nice to fool with Mother Maye and his mighty pitching staff. Retribution usually follows. But the fact is the Twins murdered the A's three straight in Oakland and then, back in Minnesota on Friday, picked up where they left off by shelling them again 8-4. Not until Ken Holtzman broke through Saturday with a 2-1 four-hitter did the A's retaliate.

During this spurge Carew was getting a hit here, scoring a run there and holding his position with his usual unspectacular competence. Carew's batting average was .250, well below his lifetime .309, but it will merely be a matter of time before the figures fatten up.

Carew is only 27 and improving. Just five men who have been in the majors five full years or longer—Rico Carty, Rod's teammate Tony Oliva, Henry Aaron, Matty Alon and Pete Rose—have lifetime averages as high or higher and only Rose (.309) does not appear to be past his prime. Carew, despite having to cope with injuries and slump-producing military absences, has hit better than .300 in each of the last four years and won the batting title in 1969 (.332) as well as in 1972 (.318). If a knee injury had not shorned his 1970 season to 51 games, making it impossible to have enough appearances at the plate to qualify for the title (he hit .366) and transforming 1971 into a year of recuperation (.307 worth of recuperation), Carew might now be defending the batting championship for a fourth straight year.

Carew is conceivably the best pure hit-

ter in baseball—a slashing, prece-of-the-hall swinger who beats out bunts and Baltimore chops in the infield, slices Texas Leaguers down the lines and rips line drives everywhere in the park.

Such hitters are considered most effective against outside pitches, which they simply poke to the opposite field. Pitchers try to set most of these men up for money pitches that jam them, but not Carew. He is a left-handed hitter who can slice a tight pitch into left field or pull it down the right-field line. There is no surefire way to pitch him.

Last season Carew polished his batting and reached first on 25 of 36 attempts for hits. He has learned to deaden the ball to such a degree that he can hunt on a charging third baseman prepared for just such a move and still beat a good throw to first. "When I am hunting right," Carew says, "I don't care where they play me. If I put it where I want, there is no way I'm going to be thrown out."

Carew has also learned to hunt a buck past Calvin Griffith, one of baseball's more notably tightfisted owners. He began the year after a holdout in which he managed to wrest a raise of more than \$15,000 (to about \$60,000). Manager Frank Quilici had a little shock for him as he joined the club. The Twins had found a good leadoff man in Larry Hise. Quilici asked Carew, batting second, to concentrate on moving Hise to third. So baseball's best bunter laid down only two in 56 at bats in spring games and baseball's best spray hitter pulled three doubles and two triples to right. "I think Rod can do anything he wants to," said Quilici. "He is a smarter hitter now, making the effort each situation demands."

Despite the abrupt change in his style, Carew hit .339 in the spring. This did not mollify critics who feel Carew has the natural ability to bat for a considerably higher average. "It was a lousy .339," said one.

The Men's Jim Fregosi, while in the AL, observed Carew for five seasons and believes .380 or .390 is within his reach "if he uses all his ability. He's the type of player who looks nonchalant. Maybe inside, though, he is trying as hard as he can."

As Fregosi suggests, Carew's way of moving looks effortless, almost lack-

Sweetest swinger in Minnie

darical. "I still go from first to third faster than most guys," Carew says defensively. But he admits, "There are times when you go through the motions in spite of yourself. It's bound to happen. In August, say, when you've been playing every day. But I don't fake hustle like some guys."

In private life Carew obviously is trying to find himself. Ever since his birth on a Panamanian train traveling between

continued



ROD CAREW LASHES OUT AT THE A's

Gamboa and Ancon, the journey has been a precarious one. He remains an essentially private, occasionally moody man who is so complex neither his wife nor best friends fully understand him. A black Latin Episcopalian, he is now pondering conversion to Judaism, his wife's religion. All things considered, hitting is the simplest part of Rod Carew's life. And he does that very well indeed.

THE WEEK

NL EAST On opening night in Philadelphia the fans were tense. Were they praying for Steve Carlton's first win? No. All eyes were on one Richard Johnson—*alias* The Kite-man—who last year had soared off a 150-foot ramp in center field, bound for home plate with the "first ball," and had crash-landed in the stands. This year 25-mph crosswinds grounded him and when he did take off two nights later he roached only left center. "I got caught in a downdraft," he said. So did Montreal, whose three misplays in one inning gave Carlton a shaky 7-5 win. The game, played in 40° weather, was one of Tuesday's warm weather specials. Six others were postponed, and during the first nine days 14 major-league games from Atlanta to Montreal were halted by rain, cold or snow. Let's hear it for that April schedule.

New York won four straight for its best start as Cloon Jones, John Milner and Willie Mays delivered clutch hits and Felix White sparked around second. Tom Seaver beat both Carlton and Bob Gibson.

Losing their first five, the Cardinals got off to a typically slow start, so no one was worried, right? Sure, and Gussie Busch hates beer. After the Cards gave Pittsburgh three games in which Gibson, Rick Wise and Scipio Spinks each led halfway through, the home team Pirates came into the visiting Cardinal locker room to use the only operative showers in Three Rivers Stadium. "Better not," warned St. Louis Manager Red Schoendienst, "or you'll be as mused up as we are."

The Pirates won four straight behind seven homers from six men. "We've dealt with adversity before," said Willie Stargell referring to the late Roberto Clemente. "We know what we're capable of doing." Adversity's favorite victims, the Chicago Cubs, hit .201. They managed to take a 4-1 decision from the hapless Cardinals, who gave them 13 walks, three wild pitches, a passed ball and an error. Montreal got in the last

home opener and won it 6-4 over the Pirates on home runs by Tim Lincecum and Ron Fairly.

PIT 4-1 NY 4-0 CH 3-2
MONT 3-3 PHIL 3-3 STL 1-6

NL WEST San Francisco has gotten a lot of mileage out of Juan Marichal and Willie McCovey, and when Marichal won his first two starts and McCovey hit four home runs, including two in one inning, it was enough to help the Giants cruise into first place. But all was not pacific by the Pacific. "Dirty Al" Gallagher said nasty things about Manager Charlie Fox, who would not start him at third, and got traded to California.

Concerns needed help from its superb bullpen to win five of eight, but Pedro Borbon, Tommy Hall and Clay Carroll were equal to the task. Houston, by contrast, needed relief help so much that there was talk of trading Jimmy Wynn. He had six homers in nine games, but Houston lost three after entering the ninth inning abed.

Los Angeles' pitching was predictable—only 29 runs allowed in nine games—but so unfortunately was Dodger hitting. When the team finally unloaded for 16 hits in 12 innings, it left 16 on base and lost 4-3 to Houston. After the Padres took two of three from the last-place Dodgers, Outfielder Dave Marshall said, "The Dodgers stunk. They're always talking about their new players coming up, but where are they?" Where, indeed, were the Padres but sed with LA? True, the pinch hitters were hitting .360 and the relievers had allowed only seven earned runs in 31 innings, but what about 16 errors in nine games? "Maybe this is the wrong sport in the wrong town," lamented Padre President Buzzie Bavasi after a Sunday crowd of 10,695. Maybe the Padres, a 150-1 shot, would not draw anywhere. Atlanta lost fans to the cold and to the basketball Hawks and games to its own poor pitching.

ST 7-3 CH 4-2 HOU 4-4
ATL 3-5 LA 3-5 SD 3-5

AL EAST Boom went the Boston bats to the tune of a league-leading .367 as the Red Sox belted the Yankees for 29 runs in three games. Boston then had five off days, thanks to cold and snow in Milwaukee, before beating the Yankees again 3-1 to remain the only unbeaten team.

Boston was not New York's sole nemesis. The Yankees opened at home before only 17,028 and watched three of their teammates—Rusty Torres, Charley Spikes and John Ellis—help Cleveland win 3-1. As some Clevelanders who own the Yankees looked on in anguish, ex-Indian Graig Nettles made a costly error. Then Mel Stot-

temyre and Steve Kline two-hit the Tribe on consecutive days. It will not be an Indian summer.

After Milwaukee's Bill Parnell held Baltimore to one hit in 7½ innings en route to a 2-0 win Merv Rettenmund charged that "He threw a sinking fastball, but only because he didn't have enough power to get to the plate." He was kidding. The Orioles could afford humor because their pitching—15 hits in four games—was comparable.

Detroit's pitching allowed no opponent more than three runs, but the Tigers, held runless for 22 straight innings, were only breaking even. Mickey Lolich, a 2-1 and 1-0 loser, was philosophical. "If I start 40 games a year, I'll pitch 20 good ones, 10 so-so, and 10 lousy ones," he said. "I've used up two of my good ones."

DET 4-0 BAL 2-1 ORE 2-3
NY 2-5 CLE 2-5 MIL 1-3

AL WEST Royals Stadium opened after a one-year delay, and a near-capacity crowd of 39,464 was not disappointed. Kansas City clobbered Texas 12-1, and the only problem was the \$2 million computerized scoreboard, which failed to react to John Mayberry's homer with the usual stuff—illuminating his picture, exploding and turning car wheels. Earlier in the week Manager Jack McKeon was so pleased by his team's performance in California, he personally served the players dinner on the plane home.

Dakland's Dick Williams served something else. When some of the A's whooped it up on the bus, he asked, "Are you guys three and oh or oh and three?" "We're oh and three," answered Blue Moon Ddom. "Well, you better start busting your rears," said Williams. The incident recalled 1971, when Williams chewed out the players on the bus after they lost four of their first six. They went on to win 12 of the next 13 and the division. The 1973 A's are on schedule—in last place.

California's Nolan Ryan won his first two starts—3-2 over Kansas City with 12 strikeouts and 4-1 over Minnesota with 11—but was disaffected. He has a \$100 bet with Manager Bobby Vickers that he can go through a game without yielding a walk. He is still trying. The White Sox were also trying, very trying. They gave up 12 runs twice, Wilbur Wood and Eddie Fisher could not get their knuckballs working in the cold and Centerfielder Ken Henderson dropped two flies.

Texas pitchers had a 7.56 earned run average before Dick Bosman shut out the Royals 4-0 and Mike Paul and Steve Foucault beat California 4-2. Minnesota's Jim Kaat kept the Twins over .500 with two wins.

KOE 3-3 MINN 4-3 CAL 3-3
CH 3-3 TEX 2-3 OAK 2-5



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• Datsun Original. Drive a Datsun, then decide.

Forget for a moment the other questions simmering on the tennis stove. We are not going to decide here which is the better racket, wood or metal, or who will win the Margaret Court-Bobby Riggs battle of the sexes next month, or whether the USLTA and the Virginia Slims women pros will ever quit squabbling. No, those vital issues must wait. The subject under discussion has to do with the World Championship Tennis tour, and the question is this: Should Group B dispense with the services of its trainer and hire a psychiatrist instead?

Group B definitely seems to suffer from an inferiority complex. No doubt it started with the group's name. Director Lamar Hunt and his staff might have come up with he-man names like Aces and Slams, but instead chose Group A and Group B. Aaarrrgg and Bleahhh. B is the lesser grade on a report card, grade B movies are synonymous with poor quality and anybody who has ever played high school sports knows that the B team is smaller and weaker than the varsity. The television people knew which was which. NBC made plans to broadcast the finals of six regular tournaments, four of Group A's, only two of B's. The decision just made things worse.

While A opened last January in sunny Florida and California, B was lost somewhere in the fogs of Wales and later was watching out for bits of falling ceiling in Milan's Sports Palace. Getting wind of B's various and sundry complaints, the fellows in Group A dispatched a large get-well card describing the fine weather they were enjoying, the plentiful beer and the abundance of festive parties.

Now the tables have turned, at least in the travel department, and Group A is overseas, hopping sleeplessly from Europe to South Africa and back again on a jumping bean itinerary that even Henry Kissinger wouldn't attempt. The B's have been careening around the U.S., last week stopping in Ohio for the second annual Cleveland Classic, and the results there were almost bound to add to Group B's collective angst.

While every Group A tournament to date but one has been hogged by either Stan Smith or Rod Laver, B has been doing out blue ribbons as if there were a limit of one to a customer. Nobody would have been too shocked if Premjit

Lall or Boro Javanovic had taken his rightful turn. In Great Britain the winner was Brian Fairlie, a chunky young New Zealander whose wife prepares his horoscope before every match. That was a dandy week for Gemini. In Italy the stars were propitious for Marty Riessen. Then for Roger Taylor in Denmark, Jan Kodes in Germany, Arthur Ashe in Chicago, Tom Okker in Merrifield, Va., Tom Gorman in Vancouver, British Columbia and, finally, for Ken Rosewall in Houston. And then last week the 38-year-old Rosewall brushed Taylor 6-3, 6-4 to become the B's first repeat winner. Nine tournaments, eight different winners. And nine players with good shots at finishing in the group's top four and thereby earning an invitation to the rich WCT finals in Dallas next month.

To the B's, smarting under their name and their lesser television exposure, their diversity was argued as proof that B was grade A and certainly homogenized. They had a semi-raunchy group photograph taken of themselves and sent it to the varsity along with a greeting card that said, "To The Stan and Rod Show. Thanks for the card. We're wondering who else is in your group."

"It's quite simple," said Ray Moore of South Africa. "This group is a lot stronger than the other group. Here some very strong players were not even seeded. We've just got so much strength all the way down."

For the B's in Cleveland—despite good coverage in the local newspapers and the energetic promotional efforts of an organization called the Junior Women's Committee of the Cleveland Orchestra, which hoped to benefit from the proceedings—very few people showed up for the early-round matches in 7,000-seat Public Hall. Part of the problem had to do with the way the tournament was scheduled: most of the hot singles matches were played during the day and the evenings' entertainments were mostly doubles.

Taylor complained that the place seemed empty and that it hurt his concentration. "It's like playing in a vacuum," he said. Jan Kodes called it "the worst crowd I've ever seen in my life," which—considering how things have sometimes been at other stops—seems hardly likely. The remarks brought down the wrath of the Junior Women's Committee, especially on the more widely quoted Taylor, who must have felt as if



ROSEWALL REACHES FOR THE BIG MONEY

Finally, a two-timer in Group B

he had just sent up 10 weak lobs and was having all of them slammed back at him simultaneously.

The committee was perhaps too harsh on poor unjolly Roger, but you have to understand that people in Cleveland, like the players in B, also have an inferiority complex. The town's attitude toward itself was nicely summed up by an ad in the tournament program for a popular steak house. Its slogan: "Not a great restaurant, but more than adequate when you consider the alternatives."

There were other diversions during the week besides watching Taylor taptoe through the press room past the committee's publicity chairperson. WCT

continued

Road Manager Mike Costello fought another round in his weekly battle—keeping doubles partners in matching shirts. The episode featured doubles partners Arthur Ashe and Roscoe Tanner, who endorse Catalina and Wilson shirts respectively. Ashe's yellow was considerably lighter than Tanner's, and that would never do if they got to the final on national TV. And they couldn't revert to bare chests in the old school-yard tradition of "shirts" and "skins" because they *still* wouldn't match. Costello had to get on the phone to lawyers and manufacturers to solve the problem.

Then there was the case of the plummeting light bulb. Egypt's Ismail El Shafey was playing in a doubles match late Friday afternoon. Marty Riesen of the opposing team lobbed and the ball hit one of the hanging light fixtures above El Shafey's handsome head. The fixture swung a little bit, like a chandelier in a mild earthquake, and the large, heavy light bulb was somehow dislodged. The umpire yelled, "Look out!" into his microphone. Shafey looked up and skipped forward just in time to avoid being mauled. The bulb crashed and exploded right behind him. An incident like that never would have happened on the varsity.

As for the tennis itself, it was mostly pretty good when the balls weren't taking bad hops off the surface laid over Public Hall's rough floorboards or debris wasn't spewing from the exhaust fan as it did in Sunday's finals. The rug, trade named Supreme Court, was a convenient item for the B's to complain about, and traveling tennis players enjoy having a good gripe almost as much as a frosty beer.

"The idea of the surface is to slow the ball down, which is O.K.," said Rosewall. "There will be more rallies, which the spectators enjoy, and most of the players like to play that way, too. More running. But there are lots of falls on it. The ball reacts differently on whatever surface it's laid on. It doesn't stick to the floor well. Balls skid off lines and joints. The strips are different."

"I don't really think it's a good surface. It's a court where bad shots sometimes become very good shots. . . . I don't think that's fair, not fair for anybody." Then he conceded a point. "Maybe I'm getting older and fussy."

By Saturday the last man to have a chance at being the ninth different win-

ner in nine events was Ray Moore, a congenial, long-haired London resident who once recorded a song, *Going to Carolina (In My Mind)*, for a British record company. He fits in beautifully with Group B's hippie contingent, which includes Haroon Rahim of Pakistan, Denmark's bearded jazzophile Torben Ulrich and Berkeley's Jeff Borowiak, a slender UCLA dropout who plays flute and piano in addition to tennis.

But Rosewall deprived Moore of his big chance—though with some difficulty—and put himself into the final for the second straight week. Nobody was much surprised, even though the little Aussie was seeded only fifth. He had brought himself along beautifully and seemed in good shape to make his annual run at WCT's \$50,000 champion's pot, which he has won two years in a row.

"No man can keep his game completely sharp all the time," said the B's top-seeded Marty Riesen. "There are bound to be some letdowns. It's particularly difficult for the two who have gone into the singles finals the week before. Moe has been taken out of them physically."

"Still, I think there is one top man. He's Ken Rosewall."

After antagonizing the Junior Women's Committee, Taylor got to the finals wondering what else lay ahead. He has had some terrible luck in the States. An incorrect line call cost him first place and \$5,000 in a nationally televised match in Chicago. In Virginia the following week a linesman yelled, "Out!" just as he was hitting the ball, which went into the net. Then the linesman changed his call. The rules clearly state that in such cases the point should be played over, but the referee ruled otherwise. Game, set and match to Taylor's opponent on that point.

Which brings us back to the original question about the B's need for a shrink. The vote here is no, not yet. They probably can fix themselves up mentally with a little group therapy. Ray Moore could sing some Torben Ulrich jazz composition with Jeff Borowiak accompanying him on the flute. The Fairlie family could do everyone's horoscopes. And then Rosewall could go out and beat Laver or Smith or anyone else in the WCT final and prove that B, while not a great group, is more than adequate when you consider the alternatives.

END



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We hear you.



Dreams—and nightmares

The former became the latter for Minnesota in a week of furious playoff activity as the WHA Saints staggered and the NHL North Stars fell

Kevin Leahy called it a dream week for a Minnesota hockey nut. His wife Judy had no comment, other than to suggest that her husband was indeed a nut. "Tell me," Leahy said, "what is better than going to three playoff games in three nights? What's better than seeing Bobby Hull back-to-back against the Fighting Saints and then watching Bobby Clarke play against the North Stars?" To placate Judy, Kevin even offered to take her to her first game of the season. "It has been a long, tough year for her," he said, "I see three or four games a week and play in a local hatchetman's hockey league another night, but she has to stay home all the time."

So the Leahys settled into their \$6.50 seats at the St. Paul Civic Center last Tuesday night and waited for Hull's Winnipeg Jets to play the Minnesota Fighting Saints in the third game of their opening-round WHA playoff series that

Hull's team already led 2-0. "There probably won't be too large a crowd in here tonight," Leahy predicted, "because the North Stars are televising their Stanley Cup game back from Philadelphia. Besides that, a lot of people around here still don't buy the argument that the WHA is major league."

Despite a variety of promotional tactics, the Fighting Saints have failed to dent the box-office popularity of the North Stars in their head-to-head battle for Minnesota's hockey dollar. The North Stars sold out all their 38 regular-season NHL games at the Met in Bloomington; the Saints averaged only 4,600 for 19 games in the old Civic Center and then a disappointing 7,500 for 19 games in the posh new 16,500-seat Civic Center, which has see-through glass boards around the rink. All season long the Saints attempted to provoke a revival of the old St. Paul-Minneapolis ri-

valry, which reached frenzied heights when both cities had teams in the same baseball and hockey minor leagues. However, the Minneapolis newspapers and the North Stars management thwarted such hopes by practically refusing to acknowledge the presence of the Saints.

The Minneapolis papers gave short shrift to WHA games in St. Paul but covered the North Stars with at least two stories a day. "We don't mind having the Minneapolis writers taking shots at us in print," said Lloyd Lerdahl, one of the owners of the Saints, "but we do wish they'd come over to see what they're shooting at." One Minneapolis radio station has a show called *Sports Hero of the Day*, and no Saint has ever been selected as the daily hero. "If one of our players scores 10 goals in the first five minutes of the game tonight," said a Saints official last week, "you can be sure that the hero tomorrow will be the infielder for the Twins who made four errors and struck out five times but never lost his pose."

The management war is even more one-sided: North Stars fans ignore the very existence of the Saints. The Saints own four season tickets for North Star home games, and they always announce each new score of the North Star games when the teams happen to

continued



INJURED BUT IRREPRESSIBLE, THE FLYERS' DOUG FAVELL STOPS A SHOT BY NORTH STAR DENNIS HEXTALL



Why Mr. Jackie Stewart wears a Rolex.

Jackie Stewart doesn't just drive cars. He knows almost as much about their engines and monocoques as those who design the world-famous Tyrrell-Fords he races.

So he fully appreciates the skill and care and patience that go into a piece of fine machinery, large or small.

This puts him in a better position than most of us to understand — and appreciate — the extraordinary craftsmanship that goes into the making of a fine Rolex, the watch he judges to be the finest in the world.

He knows what makes a Rolex so unique.

The Rolex Oyster case: It's carved from a solid block of 18 kt. gold or surgical stainless steel, which makes it seamless — and strong.

The rotor self-winding movement: So accurate that each one is individually certified as a Chronometer.

The patented winding crown: It screws down onto the case to form as firm a seal as the submarine hatch after which it was patterned.

The crystal: Diamond-cut to match its case precisely and fitted in such a way that it actually grips more tightly under pressure (deep underwater, for instance).

Is it any wonder that Jackie Stewart holds Rolex in such high esteem?

Why Mrs. Jackie Stewart wears a Rolex.

Helen Stewart wears a Rolex because her husband gave her one.

It's a Rolex Lady-Datejust. Very feminine. Very elegant. Very correct no matter where Mrs. Stewart wears it, whether cheering for Jackie at the Monte Carlo Grand Prix or quietly enjoying dinner by candlelight.

The simple fact is, the Lady-Datejust is made in exactly the same manner as any other Rolex Oyster.

The rotor self-winding movement is built by the same skilled watchmakers who bring the same dedication and sense of pride to their task no matter what size movement they're making.

The case is a scaled-down version of the man's Rolex — and just as strong. So is the winding crown. And the crystal.

The Lady-Datejust is also subjected to the same exhaustive tests conducted by an official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests before earning its chronometer rating, the highest accolade a watch can receive.

The only difference is that it's smaller and more graceful.

What makes a Rolex like this so appropriate today is the fact that it's very much like today's woman: more than just a pretty face. It's very feminine, yes. But very strong, too.

And we take it as the highest sort of compliment when a man like Jackie Stewart picks Rolex as the watch he wants his wife to wear.

Owning one is almost as satisfying as giving one.


ROLEX



Rolex Day-Date (left), Lady-Datejust (right). Both with 18 kt. gold case and matching President bracelet, waterproof down to 165 feet. Day-Date available in 18 kt. white gold, Lady-Datejust in steel and gold, and steel. Write for free color brochure: Rolex Watch U.S.A. Inc., 585 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 Dept. JT.

Three reasons to buy Jeep® Trucks in '73

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2. Jeep Quadra-Trac™



3. This \$200.00 Cargo Cap at no extra cost



CAP HAS 45" JALOUSIE WINDOWS AND SCREENS LOCKABLE UPGATE WITH SAFETY GLASS

When you consider all the rugged, standard features of the 1973 Jeep Truck such as... double side wall box construction • easy-open tailgate • high-strength frame • multi-leaf springs at all 4 wheels... you'll know why Jeep guts mean miles of dependable service.

Now Quadra-Trac... the new automatic full time 4-wheel drive system... is available on '73 Jeep Trucks. Quadra-Trac... makes hauling easier on or off the road... and eliminates the need for shift levers and front locking hubs.

And talk about value... we have made this handsome cargo cap, worth more than \$200.00, available to our dealers at no extra cost... so now they can offer it to you at no extra charge when you

buy a Jeep J-4500 or J-4600 Truck equipped with these popular options: The Townside Pickup Box • Custom Cab • 360 V-8 Engine • power steering and brakes • dual low profile mirrors • custom wheel covers • AM radio and two-tone paint with wood-grain trim.

Whatever the job you've got in mind, Jeep Truck has the guts to handle it... because it's a genuine Jeep. This year make your '73 truck a '73 Jeep.



Jeep

Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.

Buckle up for safety... Drive your Jeep vehicle with care and keep America the Beautiful

be playing on the same night. "They're competing with us, maybe, but we're not competing with them," said North Stars President Walter Bush, who has yet to see a Saints game in person.

During lunch one day last week Leirdahl was saying that he had never communicated in any way with any member of the North Stars organization. At that moment Wren Blair, general manager of the North Stars, stopped by the table. Eventually he was introduced to Leirdahl.

"Lloyd's one of the owners of the Fighting Saints," Blair was told.

"Oh," he said. "I almost went over to your game last night but I was tired and went to bed instead."

Then Leirdahl suggested to Blair that they meet for lunch privately someday and arrange for a charity softball game between the North Stars and the Fighting Saints. "I don't want anything to do with it," Blair said, "but if the players want such a game there's probably not too much we can do about preventing it. Drop me a line about it sometime."

"I will," Leirdahl said. "And by the way, someone else is using our tickets for your game with Philadelphia. Is there any way you can get two that I can buy?"

"Sorry," Blair said. "I never get involved with tickets."

On Tuesday night at the Civic Center, Leahy was ready. A 29-year-old plastic-bag manufacturer, he works in Minneapolis but lives in the town of Minnetonka. "It's 40 miles from Minnetonka to the Civic Center and 30 miles from Minnetonka to the Met," he said. "I probably put 10,000 miles a year on my car just driving to hockey games. The ecologists would say I'm driving too much, but they're not hockey people. Besides, I bought myself a little economy car that is good on gas." As usual, the bearded Leahy was wearing his Wallabee boots and his maroon windbreaker with a "Larry Dee's Liquors" patch over the left breast. "That's the team I play for in the hatchet league," he said.

As Leahy had predicted, most of Minnesota's hockey nuts had remained at home to watch the Philadelphia-North Stars game instead of driving to the Civic Center. Only 5,151 persons, most of them teen-agers who idiotically kept calling Bobby Hull "marshmallow," watched the Saints tighten their playoff

series by shutting Hull off and beating the Jets 6-4. Some of them cheered when the public-address announcer reported that the North Stars had lost to the Flyers in overtime. "I guess not everyone in town likes both teams," Leahy said with a grin.

Sitting near Leahy was Don Ferrero, a 27-year-old financial analyst in Minneapolis who has mixed emotions about his allegiances. "I have season tickets for both teams," he said. "My uncle, Johnny Mariucci, is an official for the North Stars, but I own stock in the Saints. In fact I just paid \$293 for 200 shares. If the leagues ever merge, the team will definitely increase in value and I'll probably make a lot of money. I guess if it ever comes down to having to make a decision between the Saints and the Stars, I'd be with the Saints. But don't tell my uncle." Although the Saints expected a crowd of at least 10,000 for their game against the Jets on the following night, only 6,982, including three North Star players, turned out to see Hull lead the Jets to a 3-2 overtime victory. Midway through the third period the P.A. announcer said: "We extend a cordial welcome to Doug Mohs, Dennis Hextall and Barry Gibbs of the North Stars and wish them well tomorrow night against the Philadelphia Flyers." By that time, though, the three North Stars had left the building in order to make curfew. Leahy remained until the bitter end. "I'm afraid that we won't be seeing the Saints again until next year," he said. "No way they'll win in Winnipeg. I'll be calling them next week. My wife really liked the game last night and wants me to get her a season ticket."

Abandoning his favorite boots and jacket, Leahy was dressed like a junior ad executive Thursday night when he arrived at the Met for the North Stars game against the Flyers. The North Stars were trailing 3-2 in their best-of-seven series. "Do you realize that if the Stars lose tonight the hockey season ends until the summer hatchet league begins in June?" he asked. "What am I going to do?" Studying the pregame warmups, Leahy noticed that Philadelphia goalie Doug Favell seemed to hurt his right knee while making a save. "He did the splits and smashed the knee against the post," Leahy said. "If he can't move too well maybe it won't be such a long spring after all."

Sure enough, Favell limped around his crease as the national anthem was played, and all during the first period he acted as though he would collapse any minute. Every time he went down to make a save one of his defensemen helped him back onto his feet. Spurred by the prospect of extending the series, the Stars pelted the disabled Favell with 13 shots in the first period but beat him only once. Then, in the second period, the North Stars' old legs began to tire, and the Flyers ripped three goals past Minnesota Goaltender Cesare Maniago. In the final period the North Stars assaulted Favell again, but he was impenetrable, and when Ross Lonsberry scored for the Flyers into an open net with just 12 seconds to play, Leahy finally resigned himself to the inevitability of defeat.

"I can't say much for the refereeing tonight," he said in a grumpy tone. "Favell was good, sure, but the problem with the North Stars was old age. And no muscle. I hope that Wren Blair spends the summer getting some guys with some muscles. We've been getting pushed around too much."

As he got up to leave, he said, "Oh, well, the summer hockey league begins soon, and I'll be playing softball four nights a week, too. And, hey, next year is only six months away."

END



BOBBY HULL GETS A COLO SHOULDER



VICTORY Vs are flashed by the ebullient Swedes after winning the Swaythling Cup

Moreover, against a field packed with Chinese and Japanese greats, Bengtsson had won on style, the European style, as different from Asian style as West from East. So as play opened at Sarajevo people were looking forward to finding out whether Bengtsson's win was a fluke or, finally, the start of a trend. Could he repeat? Even more interest, however, centered on whether a European men's team could take away the Swaythling Cup from defending China. With table tennis so international in scope and therefore so inextricably bound to nationalism, that cup, awarded as it is to a country rather than an individual, is now the most sought-after prize of all.

Europe's only real challengers to China and to No. 2 world-ranked Japan seemed to be Hungary, Yugoslavia and Sweden. At the 1971 championships all three had gone down to Asians in hard fights. Swaythling Cup play consists of three-man teams playing each other in round-robin singles, two out of three games to a match, five out of a possible nine matches for the title. In '71 Yugoslavia had bowed to Japan 5-4 and Hungary and Sweden to China 5-4 and 5-3, respectively; far different from the customary 5-0 shellackings of previous years. But with world champ Bengtsson reportedly better than ever this year Sweden seemed Europe's best bet.

As play began at Sarajevo the Yugoslavs were upset by the Czechs and with a later loss to Japan they were out. In the other half of the groupings, Hungary lost to Sweden and to China and it too was out. That set things up for the Sweden-China tie, as matches are called, the winner of which, experts felt, would go on to take the Swaythling Cup by beating the comparatively weak-looking Japanese. Thus, once again, it was Asia vs. underdog Europe, style vs. style. The outcome could affect playing techniques for a generation.

Modern table tennis is played with high-speed sponge rackets; with few exceptions world-class players use "inverted" sponge with a flat surface rather than a pimples surface. Europeans, more so than Asians, employ strokes that particularize the advantages of sponge, speed and spin. Their best shots are the

quick block and the super spin loop-drive. Indeed, if Europeans are closing the gap, as they seem to be, they can thank Japanese chemists, who each year come up with formulas that make inverted sponge faster and grippier, factors that increase the effectiveness of the block-and-loop technique.

The left-handed Bengtsson, a hand-shake-grip player, is almost all European, as is the world's best all-round exponent of this style. Though he is not the world's fastest blocker or the severest spinner, his consistency and reflexes make him a formidable foe. Moreover, his game is custom-made to handle the more audacious and dazzling Asian attack, an attack that hinges on precision timing (footwork is the key) and a violinist's touch. Three years ago the Swedes sent Bengtsson to infiltrate the Japanese training camps, and today his block, which traps kills at the table and catapults them back in a micro-second, snarls the timing of most opponents, and his spins are an effective squelcher of touch. In essence, Bengtsson is a spoiler—but a colorful one.

At Sarajevo, for the Sweden-China tie, the match that was most avidly anticipated by the experts was Bengtsson vs. Li Ching-kuang. Li is the beasty (6', 175 pounds) attacker who two years ago in the China-Japan Cup final crushed the then world champion Shigeo Itoh 21-3, 21-6. No world-class player, much less a world titleholder, had ever before been so humiliated and, accordingly, Li was made the favorite to take that year's singles, the event that follows cup play. But in the round of 32 Li tangled with Bengtsson. With a 16-11 lead in the fifth game, Li looked like a certain winner. A few missed kill shots, however, rattled the newcomer to world play and Bengtsson won 21-19.

Their rematch at Sarajevo was just as close. If Li was not attacking as hard as he had two years ago he made up for it by using a newly invented Chinese serve. Most players toss the ball upward from the palm (the rules require it) only a few inches. Li tossed it four or five feet. With greater momentum at impact his serves were jumping with spin. The match went the limit and Bengtsson, the spoiler, with sharp-angled blocks and gritty spins, won it 21-13, 10-21, 21-19. Two other Bengtsson wins, and one each by his teammates Ingemar Viktor and

Ah, the Swede smell of success

Ever since 1952, when a wispy Japanese named Satoh won the world table tennis championship, Europeans have been singing the wait-till-next-time blues. Yet as next time led to next time the raw materials that Satoh introduced to the sport—the astonishing sponge racket and the all-out, crash-through style—were refined more rapidly by Asians than by Europeans so that, until recently, the gap between them widened rather than narrowed and few major trophies wound up in the West.

With one big exception, that was the situation last week as nearly 500 players from 62 countries met in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia for the 32nd World Table Tennis Championships. The exception was Stellan Bengtsson, a 20-year-old Swede who at the last world championships in Japan in 1971 stunned everyone by winning the singles crown.

Kjell Johansson, gave Sweden the tie 5-4. That should have been it. Or at least it should have led to a direct fight between Sweden and Japan for the cup. Unfortunately a new grouping and play-off system tried at this championship produced a preposterous and—it was so baffling—almost humorous final.

There is no point trying to explain the system; be content to know that Sweden and Japan did meet in the last tie to be played, except that Japan was cast in the role of the spoiler. It could not was the Swaythling Cup, but if it beat Sweden, China would win, a prospect the Japanese players did not seem enthusiastic about. It must be said for the large contingent from Peking that they themselves had no great interest in backing into the title. Most of the time they seemed to be for Sweden. The Swedes won 5-3, the best match being Bengtsson-Tadao Takashima, which the Swede won 21-15 in the third game.

While Bengtsson could rightfully be called the hero of the Swaythling Cup, his luck ran out in the singles championship. In the second round he faced the savage backhand attack of Russia's Stanislav Gombozov. The Russian kept the champion away from the table and reduced him to a semi-passive attack. The fourth game was decisive. With a 2-1 game lead, Gombozov was ahead 20-19. Bengtsson saved that match point and another at 21-20, and then won the game 25-23. But the shock of that close call was telling. Like a man who has narrowly missed being hit by a car, Bengtsson began the fifth set in a state of shock. His face was dead white and he faltered on easy shots. The final game was a 21-9 rout.

Even with Bengtsson gone, it seemed certain that the competition would result in another victory for the Europeans. By the quarterfinals there were still seven of them left and only one Asian, China's Hsi En-ting.

Yet for the West one was one too many. Playing Sweden's Kjell Johansson in the finals, En-ting dropped two of the first three games, then rallied to take the fourth. Leading 19-18 in the final, he won the match when two successive returns nicked the edge of the table for unreturnable winners. As far as singles are concerned, Europe must sing another chorus of the wait-till-next-time blues.

END



Pleasure without end.

Whether the sun shines tomorrow, or it rains...

Whether you finally get delivery on your new car, or have to wait another week...

Whether alone, or in the company of friends...

We offer one very satisfying pleasure you can count on. J&B rare scotch. To celebrate or warm the uncertainties of life.

J&B
RARE
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The Pleasure Principle

Through his pain-racked years as a POW, Major Murphy Neal Jones remembered those seasons he played center for Tulane. His idea of a homecoming present would be for the Green Wave to annihilate LSU next fall—something it hasn't done in 24 years by JOHN UNDERWOOD



OPAL IS TWO BACK



"Opal Fight, you together?"
"Opal Two's got you."
"Opal Three here."
"Four."
"O.K., take it down, Opal. Take it down."
"Look at that oil fire!"
"We're getting flak. Keep it moving."
"Opal Two here, Lead. I'm getting rid of my tanks."
"Roger."
"Big flak sight at one o'clock. I can see it flash."
"Flak sight below. . . . Pick it up!"
"Sweet Jesus!"
"It's all over here. On our left, Opal. . . ."
"Pull it up! Let's get. . . ."
"OH!"
"Goddamn, they're angry."
"Opal Two, do you have me?"
"Opal Four's off."
"Opal Two, do you read . . . ? Opal Two, check in."
"The last I saw him he was going into the pitch. . . .
He didn't call. . . ."
"Opal Two, Opal Two, Opal Lead. Do you read?"

The car carrying the major turns on McAlister onto the campus of Tulane University. From the passenger side the major watches, intent on things familiar. "There," he says, gesturing with his left hand, the hand rigged with aluminum struts and springs and elastic bands to keep it operational. "I lived in that dorm. After that Glenda and I had an apartment in some old Army barracks, but they're gone now. Just as well."

Ahead, a bus painted with signs advocating "Disland Tours" tries too tight a turn onto a side street and blocks traffic. The major's car waits. "That's something I want to do, I ought to do," he says, patient with the bus driver's clumsy navigation. "Take a tour. See what the tourists see. Holy mackerel, look at those new buildings."

On Willow Street the car turns again and Tulane Stadium, the Sugar Bowl, fills his view.

"There she is. Boy, I used to wonder if I'd ever see her again. In one of the letters that got through Up There they told me about the new SuperDome. When I came down to have my hand examined the other day I drove by the site. It'll be fantastic for the fans, I guess. But this is the one I dreamed about. When I got to Clark, after the release, there was an old pro football magazine lying around, and it had a picture of Dempsey's field goal, The 63-yarder. I said to myself, 'Well, it's still there.' You don't know what a relief that was."

Proximity diminishes the old stadium's elegance, revealing for the major the scars of rust and decay. It is obvious that for some time no great effort has been made *continued*

to hide its age. A stadium apparently on death row.

"Are they gonna tear it down?" the major asks. "I'd hate to see that. In prison I'd be there and picture it on a foggy night, when the rings formed around the lights. Like gaslights. Maybe that's why they decided on a dome, all the fog New Orleans gets in the fall. It was real foggy the night we played Texas Tech my senior year. I remember because it was one of the few games we won, and I got the game ball. Come to think of it, there must have been a lot of fog that night."

He takes the steps to the athletic office one at a time. The last time he had been there he weighed 220 pounds, his face was round and his crew cut black, an Air Force lieutenant home on leave. Now he was not sure what he weighed. At one point Up There he knew it was no more than 150 pounds, spread in a thin batter over a 6' 2½" frame. Freedom had already put some of it back, but not enough to fill the hollows in his face. His gold watch slides on his wrist like a charm bracelet. There are moles of gray in his hair now, too, and the pained, eager look has not entirely faded from his brown eyes. Still, there is strength in his walk, and his bearing retains the military stamp.

In the athletic offices the ritual of welcome that has come to be customary is repeated once more. Friends wring his good hand and hug him, secretaries beam. He responds in kind—a gracious,

humble man genuinely touched by attentive acts. He is asked if he is surprised much by any of the changes.

Men's clothes, he says. Men's clothes have shocked him. He smiles. "But I'm coming around. My first purchase was a very conservative brown jacket, brown slacks and a brown tie. Yesterday I bought a burgundy double-knit suit and I've got my eye on a yellow sports jacket."

In the cramped office of the sports information director he thumbs through brochures and old yearbooks, some dating back 14 or 15 years to his playing days. He says he has to get the results of the 1964 and '70 LSU games because he has dinners for four at Antoine's riding on the scores. There had been some pretty heady gambling going on Up There, he says, and a lot of it had been filed to memory, the availability of sports results being what it was. He said he had been able to extract 21 points in the first game, 17 in the second, from a plot from LSU.

"You won the second anyway with the points," says the publicist.

"Hey, O.K. We'll still go to Antoine's."

The major's name appears in three of the brochures, 1957, 1958, 1959: Neal Jones, Baton Rouge, La. Six feet two inches, 208 pounds. Center-linebacker. From the middle of his sophomore year he had been a regular. The brochures describe him as a man who seemed always to be fighting for his job,

and winning. A man who hung in there.

"Mississippi State—1957," he says, pecking a spot to elaborate. "I played all but two plays. In those days you had to go both ways. I must have drunk a dozen Cokes. I got leg cramps. I was so tired afterward I couldn't eat. The next week, against Alabama, I played 60 minutes. We won that one. I wasn't as tired afterward."

"We were a strange team," he says. "We'd play a great game. Then we'd fall apart. I replayed 'em all in my mind while I was Up There. I mean, every play. It was like mental gymnastics. My sophomore year we should have beaten Army, when they had Pete Dawkins and all those guys. We outplayed 'em, and lost. And Wake Forest. We beat Wake Forest when they had Norm Senead and we held 'em seven downs inside the 10-yard line."

He shakes his head. He is enjoying the chance to reminisce.

"Against Ole Miss my senior year we had won two straight, and Ole Miss was 4-0 and hadn't allowed a point. Right off the bat they fumbled, and we scored. When we were going back upfield my best friend, Leo Young, yells at this Ole Miss player, 'Hey, fella, that's just the first of many.' The guy says, 'You ain't jawin', Mae.' We lost 53-7." He laughs. "A strange team."



Spotting a familiar face on a brochure cover, the major says, "where's Richie Petitbon now?" Petitbon had been the star on the otherwise overcast 1958 Tulane team.

"Played for the Redskins last year until he got hurt, but he'll be back. Living in Virginia," says the publicist.

"Tommy Mason?"
 "Tommy Mason's with the Redskins too. He's married again, to that pretty little Olympic gymnast. You know..."

"The name wouldn't mean anything to me. I don't know many of the names yet. In Baton Rouge I'm just getting used to 'Pete Maravich.'"

"... Cathy Rigby, that's it. Tommy married Cathy Rigby. And Boo Mason's here, Tommy's brother. He's our assistant dean of students."

"Boy, I'd love to see Boo. If he'd had Tommy's size he'da won the Heisman Trophy." The major flips eagerly through the 1959 class yearbook, looking for something he knows to be there, and is delighted when he finds it: a picture of a Tulane player slumped against a dressing room wall, mud-caked and vacantly-eyed, a soft drink teetering on his knee.

"There he is. Old Boo. He can barely move, much less lift that Coke. That was the way he always played. All out, all the time. You don't know how many

times I talked about him Up There. People asked me, 'Who was the toughest player you knew?' and I'd say, 'Boo Mason, pound for pound.' Five feet 10, 165. The deismutation he had!"

The publicist hands him the latest Tulane football brochure, a slick-cover edition with an accordion-pleat foldout roster to accommodate an army of 128 varsity players. The major whistles softly. He says he seems to remember when Tulane "didn't have half that many."

The cover of the brochure features a smiling, long-haired blonde; admirably developed legs protrude from the tails of a "Tulane 72" green jersey. No. 72's arms are raised, signaling a touchdown.

"That doesn't look like any of the guys I played with," the major says. "Not that I'da minded. Nothing would surprise me anymore."

"Recruiting has taken a turn for the better," the publicist says.

"I'll say," says the major. "Boy, it didn't take all this to recruit me. Coach [Jack] Green and Coach [Sean] Kottmann came up to Baton Rouge to sign Jimmy Kepper and me. All they had to do was take us to dinner. Jimmy says to me, 'What you gonna eat?' I said, 'Fried chicken, I guess.' I didn't want to wreck the Tulane budget."

"When we get to the restaurant the waitress takes Jimmy's order first. Fried

chicken. Then the two coaches ordered steaks. I said to myself, 'Boy, I'm changing my mind. I'm having a steak.' Jimmy never forgave me."

The small crowd that has gathered in the office laughs with the major.

"Have you seen the new field yet?" a man asks.

"No but I heard about it. Synthetic uh, what is it?"

"Poly-Turf."

"Couldn't be prettier than the grass the last time we played LSU here. They had a horse show or something a few days before and the field was plowed up so bad you wouldn't believe it. Then when we go out to play that Saturday it's suddenly the prettiest green you ever saw. Vegetable dye."

They walk back down and through the chain-link fence and out onto the Sugar Bowl playing field. The major kneels and gingerly runs his hands over the blue-green rug.

"Two hundred and sixty thousand dollars worth," the publicist says.

"Gee, this is something. I bet a guy feels like he's running 60 miles an hour on this stuff. But I'd think you'd get brush burns when you fell on it."

"Some. Our equipment is supposed to take care of that."

"How about traction?"

"The secret is to wet it down before

continued

At far left, Neal Jones meets Tulane's reigning homecoming queen, who seems uneasy in his presence. He coaches son Neal Jr., 13, in shooting and cuts a few touches with Billy Cannon, an old friend and football rival. At right he watches a spring drill with ex-teammate Boo Mason.



OPAL TWO *continued*

the game. Sounds crazy, but that's the way it works."

The major walks across the field, measuring his steps like a man on a tight-rope, and stops near the goalposts at the south end.

"Right about here," he says, "some guy from Texas ran right over me for a touchdown. I barely slowed him down." He taps a raised place on the Poly-Turf with the toe of his shoe. "That might be part of me he left behind."

He says that of all the games that went through his mind Up There, it was the LSU games he could recall almost totally. He replayed them over and over, and Tulane always won the replays. (Tulane has not beaten LSU since 1948.) He says he thought at times that if he got back he'd like to coach, maybe at the high school level where he could enjoy the fellowship with young people.

A commercial jet passing overhead intrudes on his soliloquy.

"Except when I see one of those," he

says. "Then I get that urge again, and I can't wait to get back in the cockpit."

He holds up his left hand.

"They say I will, as soon as they fix this."

The 85-mm. shell smashed into the F105 directly in front of the cockpit, tearing a hole big enough for a man to crawl through. The impact ripped the oxygen mask off Opal Two. Shrapnel tore into his right leg. It was approximately 12:45 p.m. on June 29, 1966, Opal Two's 43rd mission of the war, the first over Hanoi for American pilots. The Opal flight, consisting of four Thunderchiefs, had been taking evasive maneuvers—"jinking," it is called—to avoid the flak and was going in to the target when Opal Two was hit.

At 500 feet Opal Two ejected. He landed on his left side, bounced, and came down again hard. When he got to his feet North Vietnamese militiamen were within 50 yards and running toward him.

His left arm was dangling, unresponsive, at his side. Later he would learn he had broken it clean through above the elbow and severed the radial nerve. For a brief moment he considered making a fight of it with the .45 he carried. Then he uncocked the weapon, removed the clip and began an ordeal that would not end for 6½ years.

In the first few hours he was questioned, beaten unconscious, very nearly executed, stoned by some angry Vietnamese and put on display at a "press conference." His wound had not yet been treated. Some time afterward, Opal Two memorized a highly entertaining account of his capture in an English-language newspaper, the *Vietnam Courier*, that was circulated in the prisons:

"Hatred for the enemy had given additional strength to Binh. At 18, small in size, weighing 45 kilograms only, he managed to capture an American captain called Murphy Neal Jones, 2.2 meters high and weighing 120 kilograms.

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Hardly had this air pirate fallen on a swamp when Binh rushed out from behind a bush, brushed aside his adversary's carbine, and seized his pistol. The air pirate, frightened, raised his hands and begged for mercy."

The story gave strength to Opal Two. When he converted meters and kilograms to feet and pounds, he learned that at the moment of Binh's heroic action he, Major Neil Jones, stood 7'2" tall and weighed 264 pounds.

"You are too thin," the manager of the athletic dining hall tells him. "You should come here more often." Her name is Thelma Hearty, a kindly, worried-eyed woman with flamingo-colored hair. The major says that Mrs. Hearty always fussed over the athletes; that she once actually cried when one of his teammates complained about the frequency of steak on the menu. He smiles at the irony.

Mrs. Hearty tells him that "the boys aren't the same as they used to be, they're

not as close." She hugs him then, and turns away. There is a glistening at the corner of her eyes, where the lines have deepened since he last saw her. Then he notices something else. She is thinner, too. "You look wonderful, Mrs. Hearty," he says.

His day at Tulane is a long one. He wants to see it all. He finds that things are not changed, and that everything has changed.

"Do you have to get bigger helmets for all that hair?" the major asks Benjie Ellender as they sit at the training table for lunch, watching the athletes stream through the food line, trays piled high. Ellender is the Tulane head coach. When the major was a senior, Ellender coached the freshman team.

Ellender laughs, running his hand over a glistening dome of skin that stretches from his forehead to the label on his collar. "Hair's not much of an issue anymore. Archie just about finished it, with all his red hair."

"Archie?"

"Manning. The quarterback from Ole Miss. He's with the Saints now."

"You'll have to excuse me, Coach. The names—"

A large, muscular young man with thick brown hair, carrying a tray of empty dishes, looms at the table. He is introduced to the major as his counterpart, the center on next fall's Tulane team. He gives his name as Steve Wade, from Lake Arthur. He says he is 6'3" and weighs 240 pounds.

"Boy, they're sure growin' 'em bigger," says the major. "I was hardly 200 pounds when I came here. And playing both ways."

"Players are bigger, they're faster, and there's more of them," says Ellender.

"The basics of football are pretty much the same, but the players is where the game has changed. Conditioning programs are so much better, so much more refined. These guys are always doing something to build themselves up, work-

continued




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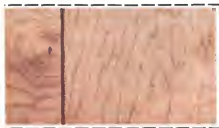
**"If pictures of fancy rooms
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Wally Bruner, host of the do-it-yourself TV show "Wally's Workshop", passes along a few tips on how to choose a panel.

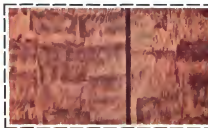
Tone. "In general, lighter panels are contemporary, while darker ones are more traditional. So, if you like Spanish, or Early American, shop the dark or medium-toned panels, like Early Spring" Bruin, above.

"If you like contemporary or provincial, browse through the light panels, like Woodglen" Natural Birch, below"



Color. "Pick a color you know you can live with, and you'll be surprised at its versatility. Gaslight" Moss, for instance, above, would look well with delicate shades of blue/gold, bittersweet/green/ivory or navy/white combinations."

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ing out, lifting weights. You won't believe our weight room."

"We never had any of that," says the major. "They used to tell us we'd be muscle-bound and couldn't run if we did all that weight lifting. Billy Cannon was supposed to be the exception. He was lifting when we were in high school. About the only thing extra we did was run wind sprints and laps. They'd slap us in the stomach and if it shook we had to run. Some guys had naturally flabby stomachs. It was tough on them."

He says the logic of wind sprints came home to him Up There. How the coaches always made you suck it up and go "one more, one more." He could relate to that Up There. "I'd say to myself, 'If I can just make it through today I'll be all right.' Then there'd be one more day, and then one more, and one more. The days piled up."

He walks the campus with Ellender, audits it, really, like a man looking at real estate, taking in the new construction and, with mixed enthusiasm, the new styles. The girls that pass are in cut-off jeans, hip-huggers, crop-tops and halters. Their hair is poker-straight, their feet and midriffs bare. They have made careful efforts to look as carefree as possible.

"Maybe it's me," says the major, "but in the spring we used to look forward to seeing those pretty spring dresses. I think a girl in a pretty spring dress is something special."

At a baseball game on campus he is impressed with the pretty pass Tulane uniforms have come to. They are handsomely tricolored, with powder-blue spikes. The team cannot match their brilliance. The blue shoes, says the publicist, are right out of Charlie Finley's how-to-inspire manual.

"Say again?" says the major.

"Finley, Charlie O. Never mind. Neal. It would take time to tell you about him."

Leaving the baseball park he is introduced to the reigning homecoming queen. A visible reaction takes place. The girl is fashionably half-dressed, and because she is also extraordinarily well-built, the knit shirt she is wearing emphasizes her bralessness. But it is not the major who is embarrassed, it is the girl. As they talk, she seems suddenly disoriented. She folds and refolds her arms in front of her.

It is not the first time he has encountered this sort of self-consciousness, the major says later. He had been to visit the Tulane team's trainer, an old friend named Bubba Porche. When Neal Jones played at Tulane, he had become buddies with one of Bubba's sons, who was then just three or four. Now the boy is 19 years old and wears his hair long and stylishly disarrayed. When the major arrived at the house for a visit the boy hurried to his room. When he came out again, his hair was combed.

In the training room the major watches Bubba Porche wrap the ankles of Tulane's football players. They come and go in an endless parade. The training room is brightly lit and stocked with modern equipment. It is better equipped, and far cleaner, the major says, than any hospital he had been in Up There.

Boo Mason has joined him. Boo has brought him a book, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. He says it is a story Neal Jones would appreciate. He says there is something about the book that reminds him of Neal.

"I'd like to know how many miles of tape old Bubba's peeled out over the years," the major says. The tape makes delicate, ripping sounds in Porche's expert hands.

"He shoulda been a surgeon," the major says. "But where are the masseuses? I'd expect a high-class joint like this to have masseuses."

"Don't bother the working folks," Bubba says.

Some of the players Bubba wraps are black. "Boy, I'm glad to see that," the major says. There were no blacks at Tulane when he played. His high school, he says, is now 46½ black.

"We're getting there," Boo says.

"Hey isn't that The Governor? Hey, Gov!" A gray-haired man with "Gov" stitched on his cap has entered the training room, looking preoccupied. His name is Troy Phillips. He has been the Tulane equipment manager for 24 years. The players call him The Governor.

"Hey, Gov, got any extra-large jockstraps?" the major says. At first look The Governor does not remember the tall, thin man sitting on the table. Then, with the recognition, he brightens.

"Oh, my, Neal!" He embraces the major and draws back to look at him.

"You all right, Neal?" he says

seriously. "Did they hurt you bad?"

"I'm fine, Gov," the major says. "Just fine."

"You're not bitter, are you?"

"I have no bitterness. There's none left in me."

"Not even for Jane Fonda?" another man asks, smiling.

"No, but Glenda might. She says she would welcome the opportunity to pull out every hair on Jane Fonda's head."

When they are alone, walking out, the major tells Boo Mason what an inspiration he had been to him Up There. "I remembered how you hated to lose. And I hate to lose. Maybe it was one of the things that helped me for 6½ years. Not wanting to let them beat me. Not wanting to lose."

"I knew if anybody could get through it, you could," Boo Mason says. "Did they—how was the treatment?"

"Fair. Boo. Fair. . . . No. It was brutal."

Lying on a rattan mat on his cell at the Hanoi Hilton he was sure he was dying. His right leg, infected by the shrapnel wounds, was now badly swollen and turning black; it looked like an elephant's leg. The flimsy cast that had been put on his broken arm was already disintegrating and he could feel the bones moving underneath. Finally, he told the prisoner in the next cell of his despair.

"Neal, there's only one thing to do," the man said. "That's to pray. A lot."

Opal Two prayed. He prayed constantly. He would say later that it was "the turning point." The next day he was moved to another prison south of Hanoi, and a week later, without anesthetic, a Vietnamese doctor cut into his leg. He was held down, a sheet over his head, while two incisions were made and latex strips inserted and left hanging to allow the infection to drain.

In November his arm was operated on for the first time. A piece of bone was taken from his hip and grafted into the arm as a pin. His cast was set at an angle up from his body, with his forearm across his forehead. Weak from the operation and lack of food, he was on his back for 30 days. His cellmates shared their rations with him. When it got too cold for him to endure, one of them slept with him, sharing the two blankets they had been issued.

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OPAL TWO *continues*

After 96 days the cast was taken off. Opal Two was told to exercise the arm, but when he tried to move it he could see it bend. A few days later Opal Two could feel the bones pulling apart "like taffy." Once more the arm hung uselessly at his side. It remained that way for 4½ years.

"Remember, Neal, we're the ones in green," Bennie Ellender says, grinning.

The 1972 Tulane-LSU game flickers and rolls on the screen in the coaches' office.

"You got any eligibility left, Neal?" Ellender says. "We could use a line-backer."

"I've still got my old helmet," says the major. "I had it out yesterday. It's got purple and gold scars on it. But listen, Coach, I've been talking with some of those LSU people. They tell me you're loaded. They say you're outrecruiting 'em. I think you must have 'em scared a little."

On the screen the green team is giving the purple and golds all they can handle. A field goal puts the Greenies ahead. The major cries out approvingly.

"Boy, I sure hope you get the Tigers this fall," the major says. "Glenda made it a policy never to give me any bad news when I was Up There. So I had to read between the lines. Only a handful of her letters got through, but every year or so she'd say, 'Tulane's waiting for you to come back to beat LSU.' That meant we'd lost again."

"So this is the year, and I'm not going to miss it for anything. I've got two appointments on my calendar that I'd risk a divorce to make. This summer there's a reunion with the Red River Rats—the guys who were shot down Up There. That'll be stag, an Las Vegas. Then there's the LSU game."

On the screen the green team is taking its 3-0 lead into the half.

"Look at 'em whooping it up on the sidelines," the major says. "I've never seen a Tulane team with such spirit. You'd think the game was over."

"I wish it was," says Ellender.

In the second half LSU asserts itself and takes a slim lead. The major, at the controls of the projector, reruns key plays, arching forward on his seat. He flips the switch and the players run backward.

"What's the blocking rules for the center on this?"

"Basically the same. Numbers plus rules. You'll probably notice we use more options on offense than you did when you had the belly center. You optioned on the end. We have what they call the triple option, where we read and option on the tackle as well as the end."

Tulane, down 9-3, is driving in the last minute of the fourth quarter.

"The crowd was going mad at this point," says the publicist. "You should have heard 'em."

"Weren't hut 85,000 people there," says Elender.

On the last play of the game a Tulane pass receiver, momentarily clear, is tackled just short of the goal by an alert LSU defender. The pass to him has been underthrown, causing him to slow up.

"Umph," the major grunts. "If he'd led that guy a little farther..."

The screen goes blank. The major says the palms of his hands are wet.

"Losing to LSU was always a sore spot for me. Up there I used to tell 'em how we held Billy Cannon and that great LSU national championship team [1958] to 6-0 at half, and they'd say, 'Yeah? Well, how'd it wind up?' and I'd say, 'I don't remember.' Then we got a wise guy in there from LSU and he told 'em everything. Sixty-two to nothing. I was disgraced."

"One year, 1970, Glenda sent me the scores of all the bowl games, and, boy, when I saw 'em I couldn't wait to make an announcement. 'Listen, I got a very important announcement,' I said, and I read off all the major bowl results. Then I said, 'Liberty bowl: Tulane 17, Colorado 3.' Nobody believed me."

In the lightened room, Elender asks what the doctors are going to do about his hand and his arm.

"The radial nerve is gone. They say there's no sense flogging with it. So they're going to tie over three tendons to the top of my hand on each side and I'll have to adjust to using different nerves, but I'll be able to use the hand almost normally. The way it is now..."

He removes the elastics from the brace and the hand flops down at the wrist.

"When they move the tendons I'll have to think differently before I use it."

"Think left, go right, eh?"

"Something like that."

"Well, that's not so bad," says Elender. "We've got seven or eight coaches doing that right now."

"They won't fool with the arm at all. When the gooks finally fixed it they cut some home away at the broken ends, screwed it together with a steel plate and another piece of bone from my hip, and wrapped it with wire. It's about two inches shorter than the right arm, but it's all right. I can use it. Might help my golf." He stretches his arms out and grips an imaginary club. "Perfect for a hook," he says.

"And I think I'll be able to fly."

At practice that afternoon, watching with Boo Mason, the major is once more astounded by the enthusiasm of the Tulane team.

He is watching a one-on-one drill at the north end of the Sugar Bowl. The Poly-Turf trembles with the force of the blows. Each one is accompanied by bellows of joyful rage from the participants, and encouraging slaps and shouts from the coaches.

"Boy, this is fantastic," the major says. "We never had practices like this. Do they do this every day? I can't believe it."

"And they always finish in exactly two hours," says Boo.

"Well, we worked longer, but never this hard. I remember Coach [Andy] Plimney had that buzzer on his watch to mark the time, and it'd go off, and he'd fumble around trying to get it stopped so he could keep practice going another half hour or so. But we were doggin' it compared with this."

Later, a short, moon-faced man in jacket and tie stops by the practice to seek the major out. He is Andy Plimney, now 60 years old and a parish councilman in suburban New Orleans. He is plainly moved by the major's presence. He kisses him on the cheek.

"What you weigh, Neal?"

"About 175 now, I guess." The major slaps his hard, flat stomach. "But I'm ready."

"Then get down and give me 20 good snaps," Plimney says.

"Oh, I hate to hear that. I remember those oranges you'd have waiting. We could smell 'em, and you'd say, '20 good snaps.' But the best snap I ever made was when we played Florida, and they had us at Silver Springs for some pub-

continued

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licity shots, Miss Florida was the quarterback and I was the center. The best snap of my career."

"You look like you kept yourself in shape. What'd you do, run laps around Hanoi?"

"We had ways. After a while, we exercised pretty regularly."

"How you sleeping? All right now?"

"Great. Just great. I was afraid that soft bed would throw me, but as soon as I hit it, I'm out."

In 6½ years of prison life, Opal Two was never able to get through a night without waking half a dozen times or more. Sometimes it was the heat, sometimes the cold. Sometimes it was the rats. Always it was the beds. The concrete ones, the narrow wooden ones. The straw mats no thicker than a pie crust. Months after his release his hips were still discolored by the bruises.

Eventually, Opal Two was moved from the Hanoi Hilton to other prisons, to share cells with as many as eight men and, later, a cell block with 56. A Vietnamese radio announcer they called Hannah Hannah was their tenuous link with the outside world. Hannah's bulletins about the U.S. were loaded with reports of race riots, student protests and political turmoil—anything to reassure the prisoners that America was going to hell.

They learned to read between Hannah's lines. When she quit talking about McGovern's "certain victory" in the presidential election, they knew Nixon had won. They deduced that an American had made the first lunar landing when Hannah said that "Astronaut Armstrong need not look on the moon for craters, he can find them in South Vietnam, from the bombs." Opal Two found himself wishing for Cassius Clay-Muhammad Ali to get "knocked on his pants" when Hannah kept reciting Ali's antiwar lullaby. But the one piece of news that thoroughly dismayed him was the killings in the Olympic Village. He said it shook him badly.

To keep their minds and bodies active and their spirits up, the athletes had a regular Olympiad going with sock football games and varieties of basketball never seen before or since. They continued playing cards and chess pieces. Opal Two entered 20,000-point contract

bridge tournaments, using systems "that would have given Charles Goren a heart attack." Pools were conducted on the Kentucky Derby and the Indianapolis 500. If the results were six or eight months coming in, what did it matter? It was as good as yesterday.

When he was well enough, Opal Two joined a Body-Beautiful club. The prisoners did bench presses with their bed slats, working against the weight of their cellmates. They did toe raises (Opal Two worked up to 500 a day) and half knee bends. They ran for miles, in place. Opal Two averaged a mile a day.

They found an infinite number of ways to eat up the time. Opal Two chuckles now at the memory of a onetime Fred Astaire dance instructor teaching ballroom dancing. With no music, the partners sounded out their own *shock-boom, shock-boom, shock-boom-boom*—and took turns leading. The guards weren't sure what to do about this, but they stopped the *shock-booms*, in mid-phrase if necessary, every chance they got.

"He's a better dancer now than he was when he was shot down," Glenda Jones says. "When we went someplace to dance they gave us the floor all to ourselves, and they actually applauded him, the big him." She is a tiny, black-haired woman with fierce, beautiful dark eyes. "Spanish," she says, "not Cajun." She is holding the major's damaged hand as they sit over coffee at a Baton Rouge restaurant.

They had been married, she says, on their first date—a mock ceremony at a Sodie Hawkins Day dance. It was her idea, the major says. He thought it was a mistake from the start "because how can a 6'2" guy dance with a 5'2" girl?"

Glenda had been dating, among others, Billy Cannon, a schoolmate of hers at Istrouma High. Neal had a girl called Pickles at Baton Rouge High. Eventually things got sorted out and Glenda and Neal were married, with blessings from a justice of the peace, when he was a freshman at Tulane. The union resulted in Neal Jr., now 13, and Darla, 10.

Glenda says she didn't ask him *now* to volunteer for his third combat tour in Vietnam, because she would never do that. But "I had a bad feeling about it, that's," she says. The night be-

fore he went down she woke up screaming. The words were still on her mouth—"Bail out! Bail out!"—but she was unable to put together the details of the dream.

She says she never despaired. She came home from Japan and busied up her days raising the children and working toward a degree in elementary education at LSU. And she bought a \$27,000 three-bedroom house in suburban Baton Rouge to make ready for his eventual homecoming. She put up his plaques and dusted off his Air Force trophies, and she promised herself for the hundredth time that she would glue the clippings in his old football scrapbook. And when she wrote she carefully avoided the issue of LSU vs. Tulane.

"You have to have a wife like this to know what it can mean to a man Up There," the major says, gripping her hand through the rigging of his brace. "A fine troop." She says she finds him "deeper now" and "more patient" and "more aware of things." He asks her to marry him for the third time. They do, in a church, just the two of them, and the minister

But there is no keeping him to herself. Forty-eight hours after he is home he has tickets for a marathon of spectatorship at LSU, a gymnastics meet followed by a basketball game. He goes the distance, five hours. When Glenda wants to leave early, to beat the crowd, he says he could not possibly do that. Doesn't she realize how close the game is? LSU rewards his endurance by defeating Ole Miss in the final seconds.

For most of the basketball game the major's tutor is Slat Hardin, the old Olympic hurdler whose son he had gone to school with. Hardin explains the unfamiliar stuff: bonus shots and out-of-bounds rules. The major is all eyes. "It's a lot faster game than it used to be," he tells Hardin. More than once he leaps to his feet to cheer the play.

At the half he is introduced to the crowd, and the applause gathers around him like hands and lifts him to his feet. Every time he tries to sit down a fresh wave of cheers brings him back up. Throughout the game his view is interrupted by people wanting an autograph or a word or two. To each signature he adds "God bless America."

Toward the end of the game a slightly

continued

"The thing I didn't like about baseball is that when you come up to bat, you're so all alone out there. If you do something dumb, you can't very well blame someone else. And if someone on the other team gets mad at you, all your buddies are sitting in the dugout. That's one nice thing about football. You got all those big linemen close by to help out. That is, if they like you they'll help out. Now there's some good advice for young, skinny-legged quarterbacks: always make friends with

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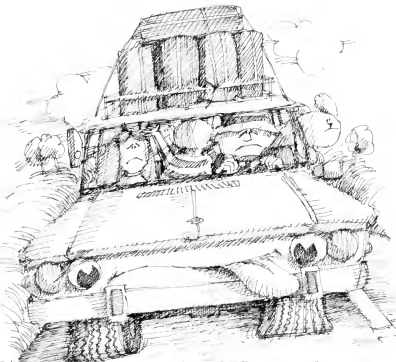
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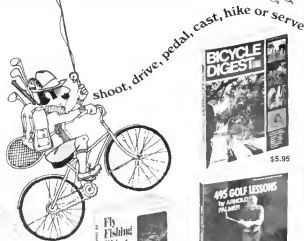


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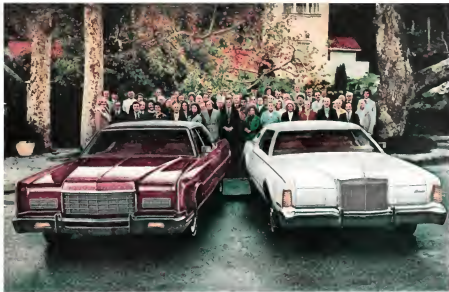
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So we invited 100 owners of that other American luxury car to take part in ride and drive tests between Continental and that other make of car.

The tests took place at the Hotel Bel-Air, California, under the supervision of Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute.

The first test was for riding comfort. Blindfolded, the 100 owners rode in a 1973 Lincoln Continental and in the other make of luxury sedan.

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64 out of 100 picked the Lincoln Continental.

The second test was for driving ease. This time the

100 owners were asked to drive a 1973 Continental Mark IV, and the comparable model of the other make, and to judge which car was easier to drive.

66 out of 100 preferred the Continental Mark IV.

No wonder a national survey reveals that in the last two years alone, more than 20,000 drivers of that other luxury car have switched to the Continentals.

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built Oriental excuses himself and asks to shake the major's hand. The young man says he is Vietnamese, and that his father was killed by the Communists in North Vietnam. "I wanted you to know that I appreciate what you did for my country," he says.

The major's days are spent in rediscovery. His wife is in school, "so I wander around." Charlie McClendon, the LSU coach, escorts him through the athletic plant there, and makes him promise to come around for a workout. Of an evening the major drops in on Billy Cannon, the 1959 Heisman Trophy winner. They had been rivals through high school and college, but they had been friends, too. Cannon recalls a time the two couples went fishing and the men hied off to a favored spot and left the wives sitting in the boat past dark. "Damn, if looks could kill we'da been goners," Cannon says, laughing.

"How do you like being a dentist?" the major says.

"Orthodontist," Billy corrects. "Not bad. No house calls."

"The dentists were amazed how well I kept my teeth Up There," the major says. "The gooks only gave us a tiny little tube of toothpaste, as a three-month supply, so I massaged my gums every day with my fingers, and I pulled threads out of the blanket to use as dental floss. When I had my checkup at Keesler, I had four cavities and three were under old fillings."

"Well, hell, they sure weren't feeding you a lot of candy bars, were they?" Cannon laughs.

"Not hardly."

"Musta been pretty bad. You think the bombing helped at the end?"

"All I know is you could see the fear in the eyes of those guards. That wasn't there before."

"Would you go back, if Nixon wanted you to?"

"In a minute. Listen, I'd kiss that man on the White House steps."

The major asks if Billy has missed pro football.

"I miss it here, where it shows," Cannon says, slapping his rounding stomach.

"But I'll tell you, Neal, the game gets better. It's just not as complicated as it seems. Remember how we always heard that stuff about 'balanced attack, balanced attack'? Well, now they get it

continued



yesterday

today



times change

For years, nothing could beat the gasoline fueled lantern for portable outdoor light because for years gasoline was the only practical fuel available. Campers learned to live with the smoke and soot and the irritation of continual pumping.

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OPAL TWO continued

old boy like O.J. Simpson, or somebody, and give him the ball 20 or 30 times a game and let him wear the defense out. Nothing complicated about that."

"I remember calling the defenses against you our senior year," the major says. "It was the second half and neither one of us had scored. I had a five-four on, and I just happened to look at the bench and Coach Roland Dale is signaling for a split six, with stunts. I had to change the defense, and when I stunted I went right out of the play. I watched you go 45 yards for a touchdown through the hole I'da been in. Coach Dale says, 'Neal, you've done a great job calling signals up to now. Don't ever look to the bench again.'"

As the days go by, the major gets a chance to renew old pleasures, except now there are wonderful new twists. For the first time he takes his son shooting on a friend's six-acre estate. Their aim is erratic but their happiness is immense. The next morning he gets up at 5 a.m. and drives 50 miles in the rain to Lake Verret to fish. The new luxury there is a trolling motor with a foot pedal, and a boat with a carpeted deck, and by the time the clouds break he and a friend have caught 21 bass up the sloughs and bayous. On the way home the major stops in Napoleonville to see another POW who has been released, an old friend named Glenn Daigle. But the sun is out, and Glenn Daigle is off playing golf.

According to priority, Opal Two was the 92nd American prisoner of war to be released by the North Vietnamese. As the release date drew near, the guards at the Hanoi Hilton, some of whom had been his most persistent tormentors, grew increasingly friendly. One suggested that since they were going to be friends now, maybe he would visit Opal Two in the United States. The guard said he would like to study a trade there.

The irony of the suggestion was not lost on Opal Two. Three weeks after his return to the U.S., Opal Two underwent surgery on his injured left hand. The operation required two hours and was pronounced successful. If all went well, he would be flying again by early fall.

"I've been lucky," Opal Two said. "I've been lucky all my life."

END

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- "Beauty and the Beast," by Frank Deford—an interview with Robyn Smith, the preflight and most dedicated jockey in racing.
- "Slamming the Door on Jack," by Dan Jenkins, author of the best selling novel *Semi-Tough*—at the British Open, in which Jack Nicklaus did not win the Grand Slam.
- "A la Recherche du Tanks Perdue," by Robert F. Jones—on returning to competitive swimming after twenty years.
- Jerry Kirschenbaum and Kenny Moore, the Olympic runner, on the terror at Munich.
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SI-473

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CALL TO WORSHIP

Sirs:

Your April 9 baseball issue was most satisfactory reading and especially the Dick Young article on the game (*It's Religion, Babe—Not Show Biz*).

After having lived and died with the Boston Braves of yesteryear and the Boston Red Sox for the past 50 years only to have my idealism badly shattered by recent revelations that money is the dominant factor, I found it most refreshing to have Mr. Young revive the feeling of the old days, when the home team was the thing and ballplayers were worshiped by the youth of the land as heroes.

I hope all the owners and Marvin Miller read the piece. Perhaps they will discover what has happened to the game since they decided that it was a business.

THOMAS F. MULLOY

Dorchester, Mass.

Sirs:

In this day of the hot-pants patrol, the gaudy new stadiums, the fireworks spectacles and the orange baseball, it is reassuring to find Dick Young can still write intelligently about the sport.

A religion it certainly is, and the better your team, the more you believe. Even a last-place team can provide something to root for. Mr. Young stated that a true fan is usually unable to give a reason for his devotion to the home team. He must be right, because without blind loyalty what other reason is there for my following the Phillies for 15 years?

BOB McWILLIAMS

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Congratulations to the high priest of baseball, Dick Young. His article expressed my feelings on the game exactly. It is about time the average Joe was represented as a vital member of the baseball congregation.

J. C. LOMBARDI

Newark

INGENUITY

Sirs:

Shame on Miss Phalen! True, Robert F. Joyce's composition (*How To Make a Name for Yourself*, April 9) wasn't very factual, but it certainly was not "disgraceful and ridiculous." I found it a fantastic piece of vocabulary work that displays tremendous wit. And his teacher's reaction? "Poorly organized and full of factual, grammatical and spelling errors"—as if he didn't know it!

I have always held the opinion that one can be an academic whiz and still know nothing

when it comes to the game of life. Robert will be one of life's winners.

RON HIRSHMAN

Branchville, N.J.

Sirs:

As a teacher and an ex-English major, I was very impressed with Robert's history paper. To put it together, to be able to include the nicknames of all of the teams and at the same time be able to retain some thread of historical sequence and fact is indeed quite a feat.

The response of the teacher is a comment on the state of present education. The kid is original and very clever, yet he doesn't perform within the "acceptable" standards, therefore he fails. And that is education business, unfortunately.

GLENN KALIN

Des Plaines, Ill.

Sirs:

Boo to Miss Phalen for not bringing out and dusting off her sense of humor and for not recognizing, in its own way, the imagination and ingenuity of a young man who managed to weave an interesting version of American history from the names of major league teams that are ever-present in the news.

Incidentally, I guessed all but 13 of the 105 teams.

LYNNE M. HASWIT

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Re the quiz, if that composition was written by an eighth-grader, I'll cut it along with the nicknames of all 105 teams.

HARVEY NATHAN

New York City

Sirs:

I picked up the nicknames of 106 major sport teams that appeared in Robert F. Joyce's composition quiz. There has to be a team somewhere called the Infidels.

THOMAS J. O'MALLEY

New York City

NEW HEROINE

Sirs:

My compliments on the Jane Gross article on women's basketball (*She's the Center of Attention*, April 9) and the recognition of a super sport played by women with excellent skills and talent.

We had the dubious honor of meeting Inmaculata College to open the 1973 AIAW tournament and people have asked me, after reading your article, "Is Theresa Shunk that good?" Let me answer the question now: Yes, she is!

Don't forget to put the 1974 AIAW nationals on your agenda.

EDITH E. GORDON

Women's Basketball Coach
Indiana State University,
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sirs:

The article gave me a boost of encouragement. I, too, am 5' 11" and my name is Teresa, but I am only a sophomore in high school. I play center and relax myself to Theresa Shunk. When I get to college, I will now have something to look forward to. More power to girl basketball players.

TERESA DE SILLANO

Bowie, Md.

Sirs:

It really pleases me to read your articles on women in sports. You've come a long way as the field of journalism.

DOLORES MAYER

Williamsport, Pa.

KEGLERS

Sirs:

Your article *Ten-Strike in the Range* (April 9) recognized that bowling is as demanding mentally and physically, in its own way, as other sports. The pros usually bowl 40 or more games a week, so they must be in good shape. The old idea of a bowler as an overweight, beer-drinking glutton has no foundation. Reading lanes is comparable to reading greens in golf. A bowler must have as much control over his body as does a running back. Mental pressure is just as intense.

Through television and other media, people are learning what bowling has to offer. One day the names of Weber, Johnson and Pietraglia will be household words.

DAVID WILLIAMS

Knoxville, Tenn.

YESTERDAY'S HEROES

Sirs:

That's sure true bad about the Oakland A's and Gene Tenace (*A Hero Fades There's No One for Tenace*, April 2), who whines in SI that "No one ever called . . . Here we are the world champs and no one pays attention." The fact of the matter is that someone (the Northern California Baseball Boosters Association) did call to request the appearance of A's players at a non-profit father and son banquet. The boosters were told that the A's, acting on advice of Charles O. (the man, not the mule), required payments of \$500 per player (for such appearances. So no A's showed up at the banquet held in Sacramento, but the San Francisco Giants came with manager, coach

continued

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And to a lot of people.

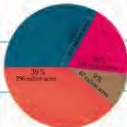
To begin with, four million individual Americans own 39% of the entire forest—a forest that's still nearly three-fourths as large as it was when Columbus landed.

Then, too, everybody shares ownership in that 19% of the forest owned by federal and state governments which supplies so much of the raw material for building our houses and cities and making our paper products.

And when you add the 17 million acres of forestland that's been set aside for parks and wilderness areas, and the government land not suitable for growing commercial trees, the American people—individually or collectively—own 91% of America's 753 million acres of forest.

So if the forest industries seem

39% individually-owned forestland



to own more than their 9%, it's probably because with responsible, scientific management they've been able to make this 9% produce 26% of all the raw material we need for today's wood and paper products, and still keep America green and growing.

Source: Department of Agriculture, U.S. Forest Service

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ex, from-office personnel and several key players, and they required no payments whatsoever. So I say, hooray for the Giants, and as for Finkes and the A's, they deserve one another. May they have a nice, quiet summer together in their Oakland Coliseum without any fans there to bother them.

LIS FRIZZI

Sacramento

Ses:

While reading your article on Gene Tenace, I was struck by the similarity between his plight and our own. Although tiddlywinks doesn't quite yet command the public attention that baseball does, we have experienced similar feelings. The game of tiddlywinks that we play is a far cry from the trivial nursery game that we all gave up at the age of five. Its sophistication and strategy rival that of tournament chess, according to those who have played both. Although the game has been played at this level in this country for some time now (the eighth annual North American Tiddlywinks Championships were held this past February) it is still generally unnoticed. At the moment, our team at MIT, which again won the Continentals this year, is having a very difficult time finding sponsorship for the trip to England to defend its world title. Any interest or help you would have for NATWA would be most appreciated.

TIM SCHILLER

Cambridge, Mass.

NEW CROP

Ses:

In his article *A Lot More Where They Came From* (April 23), Mark Mulvoy makes the statement: "Down east on the farm at Halifax, Nova Scotia shrewd Sam Pollock, general manager of the Catbirds, has assembled the best novice team outside the NHL."

Apparently Mr. Mulvoy hasn't heard about the record-setting Cincinnati Swords, the Buffalo Sabres' farm team in the AHL. In only their second year Coach Floyd Smith's Swords finished the season with 113 points in the standings, the most ever in the history of the AHL, along with many other records. So numerous to mention Nova Scotia finished with 101 points. In addition, the Swords won 4 of the 6 games played between the two teams this season.

Here in Cincinnati we think Sabres' General Manager Punch Imlach has assembled the best team outside the NHL. young or old.

RON ZIGLER

Cincinnati

Ses:

Well, you've finally done it. My patience has run out. After reading articles on the Atlanta Flames, the Boston Bruins, the New

continued



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18TH HOLE

York Rangers, the Los Angeles Kings, the Buffalo Sabres, and now finally the Montreal Canadiens. I feel I must inform you that there is a hockey team in Philadelphia called the Flyers. Don't you think it's about time you gave the Flyers, the league's best expansion team, some well-deserved recognition? Although people from Minnesota and Buffalo might disagree, the fact remains that the Flyers won the season's series from both teams.

You speak of all the young players the Canadiens have sitting on the bench and playing in the minor league. That is very nice, but only the players that skate can win games for their team. And the Flyers have a few of their own. Take Bobby Clarke and Rick MacLeish for instance. Clarke has 104 points, while MacLeish has 100. Complement them with Bill Flett, 43 goals, Gary Dornhoefer, 30 goals, rookie Bill Barber, 30 goals, and Ross Lonsberry, 21 goals, and you have two of the most productive lines in the NHL. To protect the scorers is a man named Dave Schultz, who has beaten every bad man that has been crazy enough to fight him.

MICHAEL ENGLISH

Cherry Hill, N.J.

Six

Mark Mulvey's article on the Montreal Canadiens proves once again that he is not aware that the Chicago Black Hawks exist. To say that Ken Dryden is the best goaltender without any supporting statement is an insult to your readers. Perhaps if Mulvey went back and studied films of the Russian series he would discover that Tony Esposito was Team Canada's standout goalie, as Ken Dryden pointed out in his article for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Finally, Mr. Mulvey has completely overlooked the season's most productive line: Phil Martin, Jim Pappin and Dennis Hull. While not as glamorous as the French Connection, or as well publicized as the GAG line, the fact remains that the MPH line is the best in hockey, and it is unfortunate that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* could not find the time or space to give it the credit it deserves.

HOWARD DAVIS

Chicago

NIT PICKING

Six

I must criticize the manner in which the NCAA and NIT basketball tournaments were handled. Just as predicted, the NCAA turned out to be another one of UCLA's manifestations of teams that are not on the same level of competition, while the NIT featured some legitimate muscle, last-second excitement and some eye-catching half-time shows. The reason the NCAA finals outscored a better-played NIT two words to one the public may never know. But we

continued

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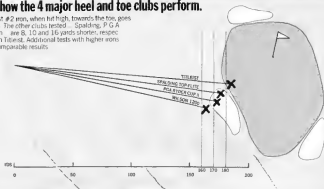
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When the mechanical golfer hits the ball here...



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all hope that next year you will give both tournaments the same coverage

JAMES WARMONKY

Clijfen, N.J.

Sirs,

So UCLA is the NCAA champ again, eh? So what else is new? As a Virginian I may be somewhat biased, but it seemed to me that the last half of the NIT championship game between Notre Dame and Virginia Tech had more action than the entire NCAA series held in St. Louis.

GEORGE V. EVANS, JR.

Charlottesville, Va.

PROUD BEAUTY

Sirs,

The almost full-page trash scene that ends the pictorial section of the article *Curtain Up on the Mauiers* (April 2) is great and I hope people will consider this picture mentally next time they begin to litter. Augusta is our course and we are proud of it and its beauty.

GLENN CALVERT

Columbia, S.C.

SPERM BANK

Sirs,

I was saddened to read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Oh, Lord, He's Perfect, March 26) that yet another promising colt, Secretariat, will be retired to stud after his 3-year-old season and will be unable to demonstrate his racing ability in his prime years. Again the racing fan will be deprived of being able to see top-quality horses over a long period of time. This and similar events are as detrimental to both racing and breeding as is the fact that great geldings such as Kelso have been unable to pass along their genes to future generations. Neither of these conditions needs to exist. With a slight investment (certainly a fraction of the \$6.1 million value of Secretariat) and a modernization of breeding rules, techniques of sperm storage and artificial insemination for thoroughbreds can be developed, if they have not been already. Proving stallions could then be regularly shed of sperm and their genes stored frozen for future mares or immediately passed along to a contemporary mare. Shed sperm should provide for numerous inseminations. The stallions could then race or even be gelded with no loss to the breeders in the first instance and a great gain in the second. Imagine Kelso's son racing a 3-year-old Secretariat. Isn't that what it's all about?

ERNEST F. DUBIEL

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

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